

The Messenger

Dr A H Strickler
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Poetry.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

(2 Kings iv.)

Pour forth the oil—pour boldly forth.
It will not fall until
Thouallest vessels to provide
Which it may largely fill.

Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may boldly run;
And love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.

But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very fountains of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried:

For we must share if we would keep
That blessing from above—
Ceasing to give, we cease to have—
Such is the law of love.

—R. D. Trench.

Communications.

For The Messenger.

LESSONS FROM THE SHEPHERDS.

BY REV. S. R. BREIDENBAUGH.

What an interest centered in the little babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in Bethlehem's manger! The earth seemed to sit in quiet waiting. Peace reigned throughout the world.

"Nor war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around."

The heavens were moved. Angels showed their interest, coming from the holy courts above and giving forth strains of heavenly music which awakened a responsive echo in hearts deeply filled with the Messianic hope. On the sloping hill-sides of Judea a group of shepherds were that night watching their flocks. Suddenly these shepherds are startled. What is the matter? Has some wild beast quickly come upon their flocks? No. They behold a strange sight in the heavens. It assumes the form of an angel and in peaceful accents the sweet voice announces the birth of Christ as glad tidings for all people. Then instantly the sky is thronged with the angel host who join with rapturous symphonies in the ever-memorable anthem—"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good-will toward men." With this melody of heaven—the first and last ever heard by mortal ears—the angels disappear and the door of heaven is shut.

Does it not, at first sight, seem surprising that such wonderful manifestations were made to such humble people? The lofty ones of earth, kings upon their thrones, priest of the temple, learned Scribes and Pharisees, all were passed by for poor lowly shepherds. Not without great significance was this fact. There had been great degeneracy among the leaders of the Jewish people. They had but little in their hearts responsive to the claims of Christianity. Then, as now, was it true that people of fortune's high estate are apt to be indisposed for the reception of the spiritual excellencies of the gospel. From those of haughty mind God always withdraws Himself and grants His highest favors to the meek and lowly of heart—the humble ones who often are but little esteemed by the world at large. This extraordinary experience of the shepherds is a forcible example of the first beatitude, "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

From this occurrence at the very dawn of Christ's entrance into the world, we see how little the gospel has to do with the accidental distinctions of earth. Christianity deals with man as man having respect

not to his outward estate, but to his frame of mind, his inner spirit. It teaches us that the noblest human beings are often to be found in the least favored conditions of society, among those whose names are perhaps never uttered beyond the narrow circle in which they toil. Bethlehem's shepherds were plain, unsophisticated persons, but they were true men; and it was by reason of these inward qualities as men and of their religious susceptibilities that they were made the first recipients of the heavenly message and the first human preachers of the gospel in preference to Jerusalem's priests or the kings and lofty ones of earth.

Precious are the lessons which we may learn from the conduct of these shepherds as we, with them, pay our early visits to Bethlehem's manger on each returning Christmas day. Worthy of our admiration and imitation is the reverent awe with which they received the heavenly manifestation. When "the angel of the Lord came upon them and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, they were sore afraid." Unlike the incredulous scepticism of many in modern days which seeks to dissipate every idea of the miraculous or the divine by referring all the phenomena of God's universe to some law of nature, these reverent shepherds instantly felt the nearness of the Lord, realized His presence and regarded the wonderful occurrence as the manifestation of that eternal power before which every knee should bow with trembling adoration. To deaden our sense of the divine is one of the dangers incurred in the study of mere worldly science. With a proper frame of mind, however, and a true learning we will be able to feel and ready to acknowledge the hand of God in all the phenomena of earth and sky. Especially will we be able to realize the presence of the Lord in the angelic proclamation that comes sounding to us still in the sweet tones of the gospel. Wherever the joyful tidings proclaim to men a Saviour, there is the outshining of God's glory into the darkness of earth; and it behooves us into whose ears the message comes to be filled with awe and adoring wonder as in the very presence of the Lord.

A lesson of faith is herein contained for us. The shepherds believed what was told them by the angel of the Lord. Without any argument, waiting not to analyze all the minutest details of the occurrence to ascertain if their conclusions would be reasonable, they implicitly accepted the heavenly message. To their minds that message was its own best argument. And so for us, at all times, is the gospel its own best evidence. Without ignoring or undervaluing proof of an outward kind, if we but open our hearts to receive and feel what comes to us in the annunciation of the Christ, we will find the truth authenticating itself and our doubts will give way to triumphant faith. True Christian faith is an affair not so much of the head as of the heart. Not a result of human logic, it is rather the gift of God; and that gift ever accompanies the gospel message and is received by those who have honesty of purpose and simplicity of heart.

And the faith of the shepherds led to action. As soon as the angels had disappeared, they said one to another, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste." That is the language not of doubt but of obedience, desiring to receive as soon as possible, assurance and strength by beholding personally the babe in the manger. The same is ever true of Christian faith. Hearing of a Saviour it desires to come to Him and seizes the first opportunity to behold and adore Him. It was not enough for the shepherds to hear the angels sing of a newborn Saviour. It is not enough for us. We must go in search of Him. Now is there any doubt of our finding Him? To do so we need not go to Bethlehem. No longer confined to one locality, the eye of faith can now behold Him wherever the Church with the preached word and the Holy Sacraments exist. This is now the Bethlehem to which, if we go earnestly seeking we shall find. Such was the re-

ward of the shepherds in their effort to find Christ. Coming with haste, they found "Mary and Joseph and the babe lying in a manger." And oh, what a sight! A little infant it is true, but yet the glorious Christ. Wrapped in these swaddling clothes they beheld the One for whom their hearts had longed, the "Desire of all nations," the world's only Redeemer. What heavenly rapture must have filled their souls as they gathered around the manger of the Lord! How the hearts of all were gladdened and lifted up in that humble grotto took place the first communion of saints, a communion of faith, of love, and of hope!

Having thus paid the homage of their hearts to the Lord these shepherds act the part of missionaries. "When they had seen, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this Child." They were the first evangelists among men. God sends His message of salvation to us, and works faith in our hearts, intending to reach others through us. There must be no selfishness here. None of us liveth unto himself. Having received the light we must reflect it that others may share it. If we have found Christ we will be impelled like the shepherds to proclaim abroad the "good tidings of great joy."

Among the many rich practical lessons to be learned from these humble shepherds, may the lesson in missionary work not be for us the least in importance; and may we never cease our efforts to make known the great treasure sent for us and for all people in the Person of the Divine Babe in Bethlehem's manger.

A MISSIONARY INSTITUTE.

Pastor John Ganterlein, of Portland, Oregon, proposes to establish in that city a missionary institute—a Missionshaus—under the care of the Portland-Oregon Church. It is a college and theological seminary for our Church on the Pacific coast. He has shown that it is something feasible, and that the talent for carrying on such an institution is at hand, in his brethren and friends around him and in his own family. The proposition was approved by the Board and referred to the Synod of the Potomac, to which his Classis belongs, which gave it a favorable consideration and its hearty indorsement. It will, no doubt, be approved generally by our churches here in the East. The Synod, however, could not at this time give any promise in the way of pecuniary assistance in securing for the institute buildings and other helps. For the present, we presume, the Classis will have to rely on its own resources, which are considerable in the way of faith and self-sacrifice. After it is once started and is able to give a good account of itself, it will raise up for itself friends in the East, and help in the way of gifts and offerings will begin to flow westward across the mountains. So we predict. Thus our Orphans' Home commenced in faith in an humble way, and everybody knows what it is now. We recommend to every one interested in the cause of missions, especially among the foreign Germans, to look with favor upon this new enterprise on the Pacific Coast, and to give their assistance in its early struggles. Some of our wealthy members might do a work there for Christ that would not be forgotten, but be remembered in the thousandth generation.

The above has been published in both the *Missionary Herald* and *THE MESSENGER*. We take the liberty of adding a few remarks to its republication, for the purpose (1) of calling further attention to it, and (2) of encouraging the far-off brethren to go forward.

The successful planting of Reformed Churches in Oregon, Washington, and California, is the brightest page in our missionary history. It has been done judiciously, faithfully, perseveringly, and with great success. It is not generally known, perhaps, that Oregon and Washington bid fair, at an early day, to become densely populous, and that they are equal to empires in area. It is a goodly land, with fertile soil, and a climate milder than that of our Middle States. Many Germans have already settled there, and their numbers will be much increased in the coming year. The Northern Pacific Railroad is now completed from Minnesota to Portland, Oregon, with the exception of a gap of 200 miles, which will be closed early in the spring.

The idea of commencing, at once, and in Portland, a *Mission House* for the training of ministers, is an excellent one, and it shows that the brethren there are wide awake to the necessities of the near future. Let us call to mind the great work done in 25 years by the Sheboygan Mission House. As a result we have now three German Synods, a Publication House, Religious Papers, etc. An "open door" for a similar work is at hand on the Pacific Coast. We shall be glad to see that the brethren there have sufficient foresight and pluck to enter upon the work at once.

The location, too, is excellent. In California the missionary work is encompassed with uncommon difficulties. But Portland is the gate way of Oregon and Washington, and here there is room for the planting of churches at a minimum of expense. The chief difficulty is to obtain ministers. The earlier ones have gone there from the East. But this supply cannot be much enlarged. The Pacific Coast must raise up its own ministers, for the greater part at least, and hence the pressing need for such a Mission House.

If we once have a Mission House in Oregon, and a similar one in Northern Illinois, we will have all the seminaries that the Reformed Church will probably need for a generation to come.

We would draw attention to the fact also, that this Mission House may yet come to stand in an intimate relation to our Foreign Missionary work in Japan. The time will come when the Missionary in Japan will raise up native helpers, to aid him in carrying on his work. This Mission House will not be very far off, and possibly Japanese and Chinese converts may some day be here trained for Christian work in their native land.

J. H. G.

For the Messenger.

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL COLLEGE.

The Centennial of Franklin College and the Semi-Centennial of Marshall College in 1887—A Forward Movement.

A movement was started in the Alumni Association of Franklin and Marshall College several years ago, looking towards the celebration above named in 1887. The committee having the matter in charge have made several reports, and the subject has engaged their careful consideration. Several projects have already been proposed, such as the completion of the endowment of the Alumni Professorship of English Literature; the preparation of a history of Franklin College; of Marshall College, and of Franklin and Marshall, formed by their union, etc. Other measures will be reported from time to time, and plans suggested for carrying them out, so that the celebration may be not a mere jubilee, but the culmination of solid work accomplished, and also a stimulus to still greater work in the future.

Meanwhile the committee will be glad to see the friends of the College moving at once in any proper measures looking to the progress of the College. Under the wise and prudent management of the Board of Trustees, its finances have been brought into a good condition. The institution is entirely free of debt and is able to defray its current expenses. The number of students has been steadily increasing, and the order and spirit that prevail are of the most encouraging character.

There is in our judgment one project which might properly engage attention at once. We refer to the building of an

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY,

and the purchase of such instruments as may be required to place the department of mathematics in good working order.

The observatory itself need not be an expensive building; it only requires to be substantial and solid, having a firm foundation. A friend of the College only the other day, without solicitation, sent in \$20 towards procuring the needed mathematical instruments. He was prompted to this, as he says, by seeing the notice of Prof. Kershner's invitation to assist in making observations of the transit of Venus at the Yale College Observatory.

Should not this unsolicited and merited

compliment to the young professor and to the College, be made the occasion for starting at once a movement towards the erection of an Observatory, and supplying it with the necessary instruments? There are doubtless some monied men in the Church who are ready to take hold of this matter. It will sooner or later be done; of this we have no doubt. Why then should it not be done without delay? The professor is abundantly prepared to turn to the best account such an Observatory with immediate practical results. Prof. Waldo of Yale College, said to the president of our College recently, "Prof. Kershner has a future before him if some of your monied men will provide him with the necessary instruments."

Prof. Kershner is one of our own graduates. He has decided mathematical talent. He has not only a theoretical knowledge of his department, but he has practical skill; is an efficient teacher, and withal of a modest, unpretentious spirit and manner. He should therefore be liberally supported if the College wishes to derive the full benefit of his talents and services. We have means of knowing that the professors in the other departments also are preparing to give new impetus to their work, to do service that will be worthy of the College in the way of bringing forward their several departments, services that will in due time tell beyond the classroom.

But attention may be directed to one thing at a time, and we therefore take the liberty of presenting at present the immediate wants of the department of mathematics.

These wants are: 1. A good telescope. The cost of a good instrument ranges from \$1,800 to \$5,000. A very good instrument could be had for \$2,500 or \$3,000. 2. A transit instrument for measuring time, cost \$300. 3. A clock, \$400. 4. A chronometer, \$100. In all, say \$3,800. The Observatory or building for these instruments could be erected for about \$2,000. This would give a cost for the whole of \$5,800. If this amount could be raised, Prof. Kershner would be supplied with all that is necessary for his department.

There is one other instrument that would be an important benefit, viz., a *Heliometer*, which would cost \$3,000. There is only one of these in this country, the one recently donated to Yale College.

Prof. Kershner assisted in making observations of the transit of Venus with this instrument. It has advantages over our ordinary telescope. At the Yale Observatory the object was not, as with the observations generally, to ascertain the time of the entrance and exit of the planet but, in the use of the Heliometer, to get measurements of the distance between the centre of the planet and the centre of the sun at different points during the transit, with a view of tracing the chord made by the planet in crossing the sun. One hundred such measurements were obtained, and Prof. Kershner will now make the calculation on the basis of these measurements. A party of astronomers from Bonn in Germany, made observations with a similar instrument at Hartford. Prof. K. spent several days with this party, and they in turn made a visit to the Yale Observatory.

The whole matter, then, resolves itself to this: Can the \$5,800 be raised in order to place the mathematical department at Franklin and Marshall in excellent working condition? This will be sufficient. If, then, some liberal friend can be found who would present the College with a *Heliometer*, at a cost of \$3,000, it would give Franklin and Marshall the prestige of being the second college in the United States provided with such an instrument.

Prof. Kershner would take full charge of such an Observatory and employ these instruments without any additional cost to the College. The assistance he might need he would get by teaching a student the use of the instruments. He has had experience as an observer, and possesses more than ordinary practical skill.

We present this measure as of great importance for the College. There is no need of large sums expended in brick and mortar. What is needed is to give the best efficiency to the several departments of study, and especially at this time in the department of science. The College is in a prosperous condition. It has the warm attachment of the students. But it must keep abreast with the times, and to do so it should now make a FORWARD MOVEMENT.

With the matter thus definitely presented, is there some friend who will name this Observatory? If not one, will a number of our monied men put their heads together and say, *the thing shall be done?*

ALUMNUS.

Family Reading.

A THOUGHT FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

I sat alone with my conscience,
In a place where time had ceased;
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased.
And I felt I should have to answer
The question it put to me,
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead things
Were alive with a terrible might:
And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face,
Alone with my conscience sitting
In that solemnly silent place.

And so I have learned a lesson,
Which I ought to have learned before,
And which, though I learned it dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.
So I sit alone with my conscience,
In the place where the years increase;
And I try to remember the future,
In the land where time will cease.
And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful soe'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

—London Spectator.

CROOKED TRACKS.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY FOR OUR GIRLS.

What was Alice thinking about as she stood gazing over the broad expanse of snowy meadow, across the river and to the distant mountain tops in the yellow sunset of that still New Year's eve? The boys were skating merrily on the little cleared ice-patch above the dam, but the days had passed when such a sight had attractions for her; nor had those yet come when she could live over again in another generation the joys of her own recent childhood. Yet, to some extent, her thoughts were with the boys, or rather with the crooked tracks they had made with their sleds over the pure and otherwise unruffled surface of the snow.

Just like my life, she thought. One year ago—can it be a year?—I stood at this same window, looking out over the new year, with its twelve unsullied months as pure and beautiful as this untrodden snow. How beautiful and pure I intended them to be! How good I meant to be, how useful, how efficient, how deserving of praise! I meant to study so faithfully, to attend to every home duty, to be the support of mother, the light of father's eyes; such a true friend, such an example to Sabbath-school scholars and companions. I meant to live and do and be more than any girl had ever lived and done and been before, and to leave such shining "footprints on the sands of time;" and now, as I look backward, oh, what crooked tracks!

Her first efforts had been directed to the education of her younger brothers and sisters; but the lessons had come to grief in a few weeks, since the little folks positively refused to submit to a delegated authority, which, failing to control its own temper, could not command their respect. Household duties had been essayed, but Alice's careless forgetfulness so annoyed her housewifely mother that after several reprimands, received with no very good grace, that lady resumed with a sigh that part of her burdens which she had looked forward so anxiously to sharing with her daughter.

Then the care of her father's books, papers and accounts fell into Alice's hands, but matters were still worse here. The reading clubs, the sewing society, the Sabbath-school, etc., each in its turn claimed her attention; but the same difficulties followed her here. Inclination rather than duty impelled her choice; an uncontrolled temper brought her constantly into collision with others, while carelessness and neglect spoiled every piece of work which she undertook. She meant to be very religious, too, but there were very crooked lines along the paths of prayer and Bible reading which she had marked out; nor, in spite of all her resolutions and intentions, could she find anything to help her keep back the sharp word and angry thought till it was too late.

So there she stood looking out over the snow, thinking her own thoughts of the disappointing past, and adding to them hopeless forebodings for the future.

For how was she, taught her own weakness by bitter experience, to enter upon the new year with her new load of care—the house, the children, her father's comfort, and the charge of her invalid mother—and expect success where only failure had been before. So far as she could see, the tracks must continue to be crooked for all coming time.

But as she looked, a loud, cheery halloo was heard, which called the boys back from the pond, and round the corner of the house came the man-of-all-work mounted on the wood sled, to which was attached old Hannah, the mare. "Come, boys!" he shouted, "the road's got to be broken; to-morrow's New Year's day, and I like to finish off all the old jobs with the old year." Soon all were at work, and the steady old horse, guided by the steady old man, marched directly on toward the gate. The boys followed, tramping down the snow and beating it hard, till just before the shadows hid the outside landscape completely from her view, where the crooked tracks lay before, Alice could

trace a broad, level road, straight as an arrow. Then, as she turned from the window, many things she had learned and heard before flashed with new meaning upon her memory; and before she went to see to tea, call in the children, welcome her father, and make her mother comfortable for the night, she knelt alone in her room, and in the quiet stillness of the winter twilight put her hand, by prayer and faith, into the blessed Hand which has promised to lead aright, and implored that heavenly Guide to so strengthen her in following closely in the footsteps of steady, old-fashioned duty, as that henceforth every crooked thing in her life should be made straight.

Friends, as you look back along your home-life records of 1882, do you see any crooked tracks? As you look forward over the fair, untrodden fields of 1883, would you like to reproduce them? In answer to the yes and no which I am sure these questions will elicit, I say: "Do as Alice did, and your path will be straight as that which leadeth directly to the perfect day."—S. S. Times.

PRAY WITH YOUR CHILDREN.

The friend of a young mother was talking with her about her maternal responsibilities, and urged the duty of constant and believing prayer for the early conversion of her children. She assured him that it was her daily practice to carry her little ones to the throne of grace, yet complained of a want of faith and definiteness in asking for them the special influences of the Holy Spirit.

"Do you pray for each child separately and by name?" inquired the friend.

"No, that has never been my habit," was the reply.

"I think it is of much importance, Mrs. H., especially as a help to our faith and to the clearness and intensity of our desires on their behalf. You pray with them, I trust, as well as for them?"

"Sometimes I do, but not often. They seem a little restless and inclined to whisper together while my eyes are closed, and so I have felt less embarrassment and more freedom in supplication by being alone at such seasons."

"Let me persuade you, dear Mrs. H., to try a different plan. Take your little son and daughter, each separately, to the place of prayer, and kneeling with them before the Lord, tell Him the name, the daily history, and special want of each, and see if your heart is not opened to plead for them as you have never done before."

Tears were in the eyes of the young mother as she said with trembling lips, "I'll try."

As evening came she had not forgotten her promise, but as she saw that Sarah, her daughter, was unusually peevish, she thought best to take her little son first to the chamber. Willie was a bright and pleasant boy of five years, and when his mother whispered her wish to pray with him, he gladly put his hand in hers and knelt by her side. As he heard his name mentioned before the Lord, a tender hush fell upon his young spirit, and he clasped his mother's fingers more tightly as each petition for his special need was breathed into the ear of his Father in heaven. And did not the clinging of that little hand warm her heart to new and more fervent desires as she poured forth her supplication to the hearer and answerer of prayer?

When the mother and child rose from their knees, Willie's face was like a beautiful rainbow smiling through tears.

"Mamma, mamma," said he, "I am glad you told Jesus my name. Now He'll know me when I get to heaven; and when the kind angels that carry little children to the Saviour take me and lay me in His arms, Jesus will look at me so pleasant and say, 'Why, this is Willie H. His mother told me about him. How happy I am to see you, Willie!' Won't that be nice, mamma?"

Mrs. H. never forgot that scene, and when she was permitted to see not only her dear Willie and Sarah, but the children afterwards added to her family circle, each successively consecrating the dew of their youth to God, she did indeed feel that her friend's plan was "the most excellent way." So she resolved to recommend it to the praying mothers by telling them this touching incident. When they meet their children at that last great day, may Jesus own as His those whom they have told Him about on earth.—Zion's Herald.

THE SIN OF FRETTING.

There is one sin which seems to me to be everywhere and by everybody underestimated, and quite too much overlooked in valuations of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is as common as air, as speech; so common that unless it rises above its usual monotone we do not even observe it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people, and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets—that is, makes more or less complaining statements of something or other, which most probably every one in the room, or in the car, or on the street corner, as it may be, knew before, and which most probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry; somebody has broken an appointment, ill-cooked a meal; stupidity or bad faith somewhere has resulted in discomfort. There are plenty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance and discomfort may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the simplest, if one

only keeps a sharp eye out on that side of things. Even holy writ says we are born to trouble as sparks flying upward. But even to the sparks flying upward, in the blackest of smoke, there is a blue sky above, and the less time they waste on the road the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all time wasted on the road.

GENTLE MOTHERS.

"My mother dear, my mother dear;
My gentle, gentle mother."

I thought I was singing my boy to sleep with the little ballad of which the above is the chorus; but the blue eyes opened and a quiet voice said:

"Mamma, you ain't always gentle."

In self-justification I replied:

"But you know, darling, mamma has to scold you when you're naughty."

"Yes'm."

The argument dropped; so did the little head upon my bosom. I did not finish the song, nor have I sung it since. Tenderly tucking in the little truth-teller I reproached myself for deserving this remark, and greatly questioned the truth of my answer. Do mothers ever have to scold? Has scolding any legitimate place in family government? How is the word defined?—Railing with clamor; uttering rebuke in rude and boisterous language. Is this a helpful adjunct to parental authority? Why do Christian parents scold? For two reasons, as it seems to me. First, from lack of self control; secondly, from habit. Children are often terribly trying, and loud and angry tones seem a safety-valve for our stirred tempers. Besides, we feel that gentleness alone can never safely steer the family bark over life's troublous sea. Force, firmness, decision, sternness, even severity, are often necessary. A suitable degree of these is not incompatible with gentleness. It is not a synonym for weakness. The gentleness that makes one great comes from subdued strength. This lovely fruit of the Spirit proves an element of power. The "soft answer" often costs the answerer dearly. Sweetness of spirit is the outgrowth of self-control. Serenity of soul, whatever be the constitutional characteristics, comes most frequently from long self-discipline and prayerful struggle.—Good Words.

THE REINS IN GOD'S HANDS.

A father and his little son were once riding along a familiar road with a gentle horse. To gratify his child, the father placed the reins in his hands, but at the same time, unseen, retained his own hold on them. As they rode on they saw approaching them at a terrific speed, a runaway team. The danger was great and imminent. But the father guided his horse so that a collision was avoided and the danger escaped. When all was over, the little son looked up to his father, and with choked utterance said: "I thought I was driving, but I wasn't, was I, papa?" So often does the child of God, when some peril has been escaped, or some deliverance has been vouchsafed in ways unforeseen and unthought of, have occasion to say, "Father, I thought I was driving, but I wasn't." It is blessed to feel that the reins are in the hands of One mightier and wiser than we are.

TO MOTHERS.

BY GERTRUDE E. B. SIMMONS.

We mothers do a deal of unnecessary work, and I fear are like Martha of old, "cumbered with much serving." Baby number one is often a petty tyrant, taking unfair advantage of the weakness and inexperience of untried motherhood. The slightest hint from the wee one that she may cry sometime, is sufficient to alarm the young mother, and forthwith everything is dropped and she is taken up and comforted. The child, however young, soon learns "the ropes," as the sailors say, and increasing demands encroach more and more upon the weary mother's time and patience, while baby is no better off, and often worse for the unwise indulgence. I've seen babies in my travels who could and would furnish constant employment for a family of six willing and obedient slaves. Fathers and mothers are weak enough in this respect; but alas! for the blindness of the well-meaning grandmothers and aunts. They always find some plausible excuse for taking the "poor baby" up and tossing and shaking her, or carrying her about from room to room. I am heterodox enough to maintain with another correspondent that "Babies have rights, and one of those inalienable rights is, to be let alone." Then, too, they have a right to be untrammelled by tucks and ruffles, uncumbered by daintily embroidered white robes which so hinder their locomotion and put so sure an embargo on their movements. Not merely this, but a plain and simple wardrobe for the child would save so many hours of over-work and nervousness to solicitous mothers, and in the end be so much more satisfactory. The poor child fettered by rich and elaborate clothing is constantly harassed by the "Mustn't do this, you will soil your dress," or "You mustn't go there, you will take the polish off your boots," till he or she comes to think that dress makes the man or woman, or if proof against an appeal to vanity, becomes soured and irritated by unreasonable curtailments to full liberty of action.

There is another way in which mothers, and matrons generally overdo, viz., table appointments and endless varieties of food,

in rich and complicated dishes, and in numberless courses. When shall we learn the simpler way? the way which regard for health and comfort and consistency dictate? Said a friend to me once, in view of the needless time spent at the toilet and the table: "If it wasn't for our stomachs and our backs, how much good we might do in the world."

There is a class of women all around us who are wearing their lives away and belittling their minds by continual scrubbing. Their world is bounded by the kitchen walls and their constant companions are the mop and scrubbing brush, while soap and sand, in their energetic hands, are slowly wearing away their floors little by little, till I fear one day not only floors but lives will succumb. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," and can be attained in fair degree without all this wear and tear of muscle, weariness of body and vexation of mind. Not perfect order, for that cannot be expected, nor should it be insisted upon where children are. They must have their place to play, and if the house is too small to admit of a play-room dedicated to the little folks, then we must be content to have their blocks and balls under foot, and to sometimes find dusty and even muddy footprints on the floor. All too soon, the busy darlings will outgrow their childish frolics, will cease to litter our rooms with their numberless "gimcracks," the whips and balls, the dolls with their dainty toilets, will be laid away in the drawer, and the roguish urchins will be men and women out in the world, battling with stern realities, exposed to fierce temptations, far away from home and mother. Then we shall long for a little of the confusion we now deplore, and be glad that we made their home the brightest place on earth to them by sharing their joys and sympathizing in their sorrows, and patiently allowing them the freedom which home in its largest, truest sense, implies.—Household.

"SO MUCH TO THANK HIM FOR."

So much, so much! What if the sky is clouded?

It screens the torrid blaze of summer's heat;

And if the way be rough and fog-enshrouded,

It makes the resting at the end more sweet;

'Tis still His sky although it is beclouded,

And 'tis His path, though rugged 'neath our feet.

So much, so much,—the gold unmixed with drosses,

The pure, strong hearts, the words so true and tried.

Thank Him for that, although I bear some crosses,

Yet even those He carries by my side;

I've learned to thank Him even for my losses,

To thank Him even for the good denied.

So much to thank Him for! But, ah, the learning

Of faith's sweet lesson was a weary one;

And struggles deep and passion fires' fierce burning

My soul hath known e'er this sweet hope was won,

But past all earthly hopes to Jesus turning,

I learn at last to say "Thy will be done!"

I thank Thee, Father, for the love Thou pourest

Upon my heart, no longer desolate;

Earth's loves were fleeting when my need was sorest,

Thine is unfailing, so content I wait;

So much to thank Thee for—the field, the forest,

The pansies and the daisies blooming late.

And the pale rue leaves—even these seem holy;

I thank Thee for them, from Thy hand they came;

The sunset tints, the poet fancies lowly,

The cheerful gleaming of the fireside flame,

The stars that love me and the charm, that wholly

Entrhall me at the sound of beauty's name:

The hope that ne'er can die, for aye diffusing

The coming glory's radiance here below;

The leading hand that ne'er its clasp unloos-

ing

Holds fast my own, and will not let me go;

No more unmet longings sadly musing,

For all Thy gifts, O Lord, I thank Thee so!

—Selected.

ACCEPTABLE FAITHFULNESS.

In turning over the leaves of the old family Bible one afternoon, Nannie's eye fell on a verse in Ecclesiastes, and rested on two words in that verse—"acceptable faithfulness." She had been looking for an appropriate motto for the new year. Here was just the one she wanted. Out came the little note-book, and very carefully were noted down these two words on its first page.

"Now I shall see them whenever I take out my book," she thought, "and I do that twenty times a day." "What is it to be faithful?" She turned from the big family Bible to the big family dictionary. Faithful—"firm in adherence to promises, oaths, contracts, treaties, or other engagements." She wrote the definition under her motto, then, leaning back on her chair, thought over the words. Her little promises, treaties, and engagements seemed almost too trifling for such solemn words, but the Holy Spirit, who had been leading her on to these thoughts, suggested a verse that so explained both motto and definition that Nannie had to write it down too. "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." Nannie began to question very seriously whether she had been faithful in these little things. She began with a look

at her home. Visions of drawers and closets and room, very far from being in keeping with "heaven's first law," smote her enlightened conscience. Had she been faithful there? Promises—how many letters had she promised to write, how many visits to pay, how many things to do! Had she been, even in little things, "firm in adherence to promises?" Oaths—she thought of the vows and promises she had lately taken upon herself in Confirmation. How faithful God had been to her! how faithless she had been to Him! Ah, it was in the little things that she must begin to be faithful—common, everyday things. She must try to acquire habits of neatness and order,—of doing everything just as well as possible,—of never beginning anything without finishing it,—of always keeping a promise, no matter what it was. In how many ways, indeed in every single thing she did, she saw now how she could serve God. And Nannie learned to pray, not that she might do something for God, but that she might do everything for Him. Life became all for Christ, and it was her motto that had taught her the lesson that so few learn in the morning of life. And yet without this faithful attention to little things, no life can be pleasing to God. We are accepted through the faithfulness of Christ, but we are called to walk worthy of our high and heavenly vocation in all things.—Southern Churchman.

LOVE'S WORK.

J. L. RUSSELL.

A century since in the north of Europe stood an old cathedral, upon one of the arches of which was a sculptured face of wondrous beauty. It was long hidden, until one day the sun's light striking through a slanted window revealed its matchless features. And ever after, year by year, upon the days when for a brief hour it was thus illumined, crowds came and waited eagerly to catch but a glimpse of that face. It had a strange history. When the cathedral was being built an old man, broken with the weight of years and care, came and besought the architect to let him work upon it. Out of pity for his age, but fearful lest his failing sight and trembling touch might mar some fair design, the master set him to work in the shadows of the vaulted roof. One day they found the old man asleep in death, the tools of his craft laid in order beside him, the cunning of his right hand gone, his face upturned to this other marvellous face, which he had wrought there—the face of one whom he had loved and lost in his early manhood. And when the artists and sculptors and workmen from all parts of the cathedral came and looked upon that face they said, "This is the grandest work of all; love wrought this!"

In the great cathedral of the ages—the Temple being built for an habitation of God—we shall all learn some time that love's work is the grandest of all.

Love, not in word or in tongue, but in deed and in truth, is an apostolic maxim that should always be borne in mind. Words are cheap and easily spoken, but deeds are what are wanting. Without these, words are empty and vain. A religion of words is good when accompanied with that of deeds; they should always go together. The tongue and good works will accomplish great things for God and humanity. Let love be always in deed and in truth!

Useful Hints and Recipes.

For traveling, shopping and generally useful costumes the tailor made cloth suits find most favor, and this favor promises to last, as these dresses are worn two seasons without requiring change. Nut brown and myrtle green tricot cloth and rough finished English cloths of small, dark checks and blocks are the materials used.

STEAMED OYSTERS.—Wash and drain the oysters, put them on a tin platter and place it in the steamer; cover, and leave it over boiling water until the oysters are puffed and curled. Have ready a covered dish, well heated, to place them in; dress with butter, pepper and salt. Serve with slices of lemon.

BAKED HALIBUT.—Place in the baking pan some thin slices of salt bacon, and on the bacon two slices of halibut; chop up two or three rounds of an onion, sprinkle it over the fish; season with pepper and salt; then cover the fish with a layer of tomato, and over this spread fine bread crumbs. Bake half an hour in a hot oven. Care must be used in removing the fish from the pan to the platter to keep it in good shape.

MOCK BISQUE SOUP.—Stew a can of tomatoes and a cupful of jellied stock together; when well cooked strain through a sieve, add a quarter teaspoonful of soda to remove the acidity; in another sauce pan boil one quart of sweet milk, mix a tablespoonful of corn starch in some cold milk, add it to the boiling milk, mix with the strained tomatoes; add a tablespoonful of butter; season with salt and a little cayenne. Boil altogether a few minutes and serve.

QUAILS.—Put six or eight young quails in a saucepan with a slice of bacon, two rounds of an onion and seasoning; cover them with just water enough to keep them from burning, and cover closely. As soon as they are cooked through remove them to a baking pan, put in a hot oven and baste plentifully with butter until of a bright brown color. Garnish with lettuce dipped in beaten white of egg and powdered sugar. The breasts of quail fried in hot butter and served with bread sauce, or served on toast with a gravy made of the livers cooked and mashed with browned flour, butter and seasoning, are easily-prepared dishes.

Miscellaneous.

FAREWELL OLD YEAR.

BY REV. WILLIAM BRYANT.

Farewell Old Year: but a few days more
And thou shalt be numbered with years be-
fore;
Death stands and waits at thy open door,
And will grant no ruth.
For good or for ill thy tale is told;
Shall we write it in blood or burnished gold?
Or leave it till future years unfold
More of the truth?
What hast thou brought, Old Year, to swell
The record of triumph which others tell?
Canst thou answer freely—"All's well, all's
well."
To our eager cry?
Triumphs of peace, or triumphs of war—
Either, or both—conquest or store;
Which canst thou offer, Old Year, before
Thou art called to die?
Sadly the Old Year lifts its head,
As though regretful of moments fled,
Heavily sighs as though hope were dead,
In spite of its wealth.
Year of bounty and glad increase—
Year of plenty and year of peace,
As though the old earth had taken a lease
Of life and health.

Science and Art have stronger grown;
Panic and discord backward flown;
Winds of prosperity o'er us blown,
But naught consoles.
Harvests of wheat and other grain
Have been gathered in. Yet still the pain
That, amid it all, I look in vain
For a harvest of souls.

Wealth and learning with eager wing
Have soared aloft, and the tollers sing
With lighter hearts, for this year doth bring
New life to some.
Yet, amid it all, my heart grows drear
With the thought, How little men seem to
hear
The voice of their God, who standeth near,
And bids them come!

Can it be true that the dying year,
Midst all its tidings of joy and cheer,
Has not in its coming brought more near
The reign of our King?
Can it be true that the year has fled,
Is almost numbered among the dead,
And we must over its dying bed,
Dark shadows fling?

India and China, with outstretched hands,
Welcome the tidings; and Africa's sands
Now hear the gospel; while snow-clad lands
Cry out for the Word.
Indian, and Turk, and Esquimaux,
Dweller in tropical land or snow,
By scores and hundreds would learn to know
The name of our Lord.

Down, O Christian, on bended-knee;
The gospel is flying o'er land and sea;
All men are eager, and only we
Sit silent and still.
Pastor and people, awake! awake!
Forth from such cold indifference break.
Grant us, O Father, for Jesus' sake,
To do Thy will.

DEPARTMENT OF HOME MISSIONS.

BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.

Items.

The Executive Council of the Tri-Synodic Board of Missions will meet at Harrisburg on Wednesday, January 3, 1883. Quarterly reports from all missionaries under the Board will be due by that time.

Some of the churches have been taking up collections for the Church Building Fund; but up to this time the amount received by our Treasurer is not large. It is nothing more than a few drops of rain in summer time; but to this there can be no objection, provided it is the precursor of a shower that will extend all over the Church. Nothing short of this will meet the demands made on us to assist feeble churches in securing for themselves churches of their own.

How much was actually accomplished by the Sunday-school scholars of the Church in raising corn for missions during the past season we are not able to say. It is plain, however, that something handsome has been effected in this way, as the few reports show. Enough has been done, as it seems to us, to prove that a second or third effort will bring in a much larger return; because we as a people are slow in our motions, and it requires time and a considerable amount of talking before we can get all of us to work together on any plan. We, therefore, propose at this early day that we make another effort during the coming year, which we are sure will be crowned with still more satisfactory results than those which we can now report. Sunday-schools in other denominations are sending in large contributions to missions, and we agree with our friend at Allentown that, if we can get all of our Sunday-school scholars to contribute something, the contributions flowing into our treasury through such a channel will be enormous.

Lock Haven, Pa.

Sunday, the 5th of November, was a happy day for the mission at Lock Haven. It was the day set apart to re-dedicate their church, which had been renovated, refreshed, brightened up and made to look internally like a new church. The mission commenced its services in this building some seven or eight years ago, whilst it was owned by another denomination; it then presented a dingy and dilapidated appearance. Under the present pastor, Rev. I. S. Stahr, a few years ago it

was purchased on advantageous terms, repaired some little to make it more comfortable and to prevent it from going to decay, and then used by the mission very thankfully, as a home of their own. Recently, however, the repairs and improvements were completed, and it was thought that the time had arrived when it should be dedicated to the Lord as a R-formed church.

Dr. Gerhart, of Lancaster, preached in the forenoon and evening, and the Superintendent of Missions in the afternoon. On Sunday evening the house was crowded with members of other denominations, who came to show their good will towards this enterprise of their Reformed brethren and to give something to help it along. The people generally and the newspapers expressed themselves as edified and well satisfied with our discourses. On Saturday evening, the Superintendent delivered a lecture in the church on the subject of "Comets," with his usual illustrations, to a full house and an intelligent audience. Collections were lifted at each of the services, which, with the proceeds of the lecture, were encouraging, but we did not learn the precise amount. The Classis paid one-half of the cost of the church, which was \$2,200. The congregation has paid something on the debt, and also something for the repairs; but the amount still unpaid on the indebtedness is considerable. That ought to be removed as soon as possible, because when that is done the congregation will breathe more freely and grow more rapidly. Thus far it has done well. Its present building is worth at least three times as much as it cost.

Missions in Somerset County, Pa.

It was not clear to us that it was the wisest course to divide the Myersdale charge about one year ago and form two missions, both of which would require missionary support. Under this impression we visited both parts in the month of October, when the experiment had enough time to show how it was going to work. We assisted pastor S. T. Wagner at a communion at Hyndman in the morning, and then clamb the Allegheny mountains and preached at the Wittenberg church in the evening, where the top of the mountains spreads out into a large plateau. On Monday evening, we preached for Rev. J. M. Schick, in his church at Myersdale, where the attendance was good for a week day. Everywhere we found the churches thriving and the members in good spirits. Old sores have been healed up, and the congregations have evidently taken a new start, and promise to become self-sustaining before many years. Very sorry we were that we could not visit the Mount Lebanon church, on an elevation still higher than Wittenberg, where a missionary meeting was to be held on Tuesday evening. Other engagements called us home, and the pastor with Bro. Schick had the pleasure of addressing a large audience and a full house. We saw this church at a distance of seven or eight miles, and we admired its picturesque location, as it rose above the trees. It looked like a city on a hill; and we promised ourselves that the next time we got into that section of country we would visit the good people of the Mount Lebanon Church. We came home from this trip with the names of a good many new subscribers for the *Sentinel* and *Herald*, which pleased us not a little. We wish to get our paper into all the families of the Church, but it is a special wish of the Board that it should be read as far as possible in our missionary congregations.

We hope that we may have an opportunity to visit the churches of the Allegheny Mountains again. The scenery is grand, the air bracing, and the susceptibility of the people to the preaching of the Gospel quick and responsive. We recommend to some of our ministers in the East, when they get tired and worn out, to go out there and missionate in the mountains in the summer time.

Selections.

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

Words of praise, indeed, are almost as necessary to warm a child into a genial life as acts of kindness and affection. Judicious praise is to children what the sun is to flowers.

I sleep most sweetly when I have traveled in the cold; frost and snow are friends to the seed, though they are enemies to the flower. Adversity is indeed contrary to glory, but it befriendeth grace.—*Baxter*.

Faithful prayer always implies correlative exertion, and no man can ask honestly and hopefully to be delivered from temptation, unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.

It is a great mistake, which some men make, of allowing their whims to control them in the sphere of the Christian life. Whims are not grace, and gratified whims are not graces in exercise, and yet everything goes down,—things the most sacred,—before some whimsical notion. It outweighs the scale against a hundred better things. And they who serve their whims think, that they thereby become martyrs for the sake of Christ.—*Theodore B. Romeyn*.

"Here at length I behold, the two-fold mystery of love, that the Bride is both of Christ and in Christ. For as God took Eve from out the side of Adam, that she might be joined to him again in marriage, even so He frameth His Church out of the very flesh, the very wounded and bleeding side of the Son of man, that so in the sweet espousals of faith, He might present her as a chaste virgin to Christ. And they two shall be one flesh. This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and the Church."—*Selected*.

"A commonplace life," we say, and we sigh; But why should we sigh as we say? The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky,

Makes up the commonplace day;
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms and the bird that sings;

But dark were the world and sad our lot
If the flowers failed and the sun shone not;
And God who studies each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives make His beautiful whole.

—*Susan Coolidge*.

Science and Art.

Two ninety-foot lathes, said to be the largest in the world, have been made by the South Boston Iron Works. Each lathe contains 600,000 pounds of iron. They are to be used to bore out cannon.

Chicago is to hold a National Exhibition of Railway Appliances during the latter part of next May. A great variety of railway appliances will be exhibited, and scientific and practical tests will be made of every article and material that can be subjected to tests.

Mr. Jardine, M. P., has recently had erected in the grounds at Castle Milk, England, a sun-dial of extraordinary dimensions. It consists of a large twenty triangular-sided stone, supported on a pedestal thirteen feet high, and is after the style of Queen Mary's dial in Holyrood grounds. There are fifteen dials. Two indicate Greenwich time; two tell the time of night by the moon; the others indicate the rising and setting of the sun, the length of the day, tell when it is noon at the principal places over the globe, the sun's declination, etc.

Personal.

The wife of General Winfield S. Hancock has composed a Te Deum, for use at the military port on Governor's Island.

Mr. Abbey, Mrs. Langtry's manager, states that the receipts for the four weeks' engagement of the latter lady at Wallack's Theatre amounted to \$61,813.63.

It is reported that the ex-Empress Eugenie has made a will bequeathing her property to Prince Victor Napoleon, son of the present pretender to the Throne of France.

A large reception was given the Rev. Jos. Cook by the Young Men's Christian Association, at their rooms in Boston, Mass., Dec. 7. It is said that Mr. Cook is to be the editor of a new Congregational paper to be started in the modern Athens.

Mr. John B. Gough has recovered his health, and is now lecturing nearly every evening. Last week he was at several towns in Ohio. Mr. Gough is now in the 65th year of his life and the 41st of his career as a lecturer. It is estimated that he has travelled 448,000 miles and delivered 8,480 lectures to no less than 8,500,000.

Items of Interest.

A recent trial has elicited the fact that many German girls cultivate their hair for sale. Really fine hair fetches some \$5 an ounce.

The Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania announce that whenever the funds are forthcoming they will organize a separate collegiate department for women, but at present it is not expedient that they should have access to the Departments of Arts.

The beauty of the Italian lakes is threatened by the opening of the St. Gothard Railway. Energetic German speculators propose to establish large camps on the shores of the lakes and to put a fleet of coal barges on the waters of lakes Maggiore and Lugano.

Four million five hundred thousand acres of land have been sold in Texas to an English company who will sell it in tracts to European immigrants wishing to settle upon it. The Texans are beginning to have an unreasonable fear of the tyranny of English landlordism.

The oldest stove probably in the United States is the one that warms the hall of Virginia's capitol in Richmond. It was made in England, and sent to Richmond in 1770, and warmed the House of Burgesses for sixty years before it was removed to its present location, where it has remained for thirty years.

The expression "nine tailors make a man" in its origin had no reference to the sartorial calling. In tolling bells after a death, after the number representing the age was struck, there were nine other strokes if the dead was a man. The proper spelling is tailors—nine tailors or strokes upon the bell make a man.

A roulette wheel in a Cincinnati gambling room was stolen, and the thieves turned out to be rival gamblers, who desired to have one made just like it. They testified in Court that it was a new invention, containing a spring by the means of which its victims could be robbed at will, the dealer being able to make the ball stop on whatever number he pleased.

There is a rose-bush growing on one side of the cathedral in Hildersheim, in Germany, says the *Journal of Commerce*, which was certainly in existence and protected by a stone wall over 1,000 years ago. The root is buried in the crypt below the choir. The stem is one foot thick, and half a dozen branches nearly cover the eastern side of the church. It bears countless blossoms every Summer.

On the Central and Southern Pacific Railroad orders have been issued requiring every one of the 10,000 employees to file a personal description of himself, with numerous points as to his history, and a photographic portrait. This is intended to protect the companies against employing men who have shown themselves untrustworthy. At the same time the system enables the good men to benefit by their record.

The name of the Emperor William drew forth applause in the recent German Catholic Congress at Frankfurt, but Bismarck's was received cautiously. Herr Windhorst, the Ultramontane leader in Parliament, upon hearing an American priest describe Catholicism as very prosperous in the United States, remarked that Europe might have to adopt the principle of free churches, if the union of Church and State proved to be simply bondage.

The Philologist and Philotechnian literary societies of Williams College have united in forming themselves into a Congress, the 'Logians acting as the Senate, the Technicians as the House of Representatives. Strict parliamentary customs are enforced, and the United States Congress copied as, nearly as

possible in every respect. This movement has infused new life into the societies, attracting an unusually large number of new members.

Fifteen families of Russian refugees, sent by relief associations to different parts of Bismarck, D. T., are reported destitute, and threatened with starvation or freezing to death unless relieved.

In the middle of his sermon on a recent Sunday the pastor of St. George's Methodist Episcopal Church at Smyrna, Ga., uttered the phrase, "Let us praise Him." A member of the congregation, innocently or otherwise, understood him to say, "Let us pray," and immediately knelt as for the final prayer. The movement was naturally contagious, and in a moment all were on their knees. The clergyman had a rare chance to show his tact by responding to the expectations of his hearers, but was not equal to the crisis, and exclaimed instead:—"I did not say 'Let us pray'; I am not through yet—we will pray directly." The rest of the sermon was not a success.

The old Mormon temple in the little village of Kirtland, O., twenty-three miles east of Cleveland, is undergoing repairs, and is to be rededicated on the 6th of next April in the presence of a thousand Mormons from the West, to the propagation of the faith once delivered to Joe Smith. A few members of the old Kirtland community remained behind when their brethren departed to a new field, and still survive, faithful to the tenets of Mormonism, minus, it is said, the polygamy doctrine. The creed of the rejuvenated Church is expected to make a vigorous declaration against plural marriages, and in that case its disciples will be tolerated in Northern Ohio.

Late accounts from California notice the great increase in the size of the vineyards there. A plantation of 200 acres used to be considered a large vineyard; now vineyards of 500 and 600 acres are not uncommon, and one of 1,500 acres was recently planted near Los Angeles. It is expected that in three years or so California will possess vineyards of 5,000 to 6,000 acres in extent. The total number of acres at present devoted to vine culture is estimated at about 100,000, all of which will be bearing in about four years' time, and producing about 40,000,000 or 50,000,000 gallons annually. New wines at present fetch from 20 to 25 cents per gallon for dry wines, either red or white. Sweet wine is dear, ranging from 55 to 75 cents per gallon. Though next year's prospects are good, last year's prices for grapes are not likely to be maintained, as the cellars of San Francisco are said to be full.

Farm and Garden.

The number of horses in the United States is placed at 12,000,000.

Give hens a variety of food—meal, cracked corn, barley, oats, scraps, cabbage, chopped onions, boiled potatoes, and plenty of good fresh water.

The great bulk of the flax grown in this country is harvested for its seed only. The fiber wasted in this way is estimated to be worth not less than \$20,000,000 per annum.

FARM STATISTICS.—There are, according to the last census, 4,000,000 farms in the United States. Of these, 2,984,806 were occupied by their owners; 322,357 were rented at a fixed money rental, and 702,244 for shares of products; 4,352 farms were less than three acres; 134,889 above three and less than ten; 254,749 between ten and twenty; 781,474 between twenty and fifty; 1,032,910 between fifty and one hundred acres; 1,695,983 between one hundred and five hundred; 75,972 between five hundred and one thousand; and 28,578 were one thousand acres in extent and upward. One wishes there were not so many of these "big farms." We want no American landed aristocracy. But how to make farm-life attractive and elevating, like the dear old farm-homes of New England a generation ago, is a question of no small urgency.

PRUNING EVERGREENS.—The *American Garden* says: Evergreens should never be pruned in the fall or winter. The cutting off of the summer's growth during this season exposes the inner parts of the tree or hedge to the snow and cold winds of winter, to their serious injury. Thousands of hedges are annually destroyed by such unseasonable pruning. Spring is the time for pruning evergreens, especially when large limbs are to be removed. Hedges which are to be kept as even and neat as possible may be pruned the latter part of June or first week in July. At this time the new growth is still soft, there is no danger from cold injuring exposed parts, and there is sufficient time for the ripening of the new wood before winter.

WINTERING BEES.—All the best apicultural authorities of the present day, as well as those who have gone before, give the following as absolute requisites for safe wintering:—1. An even temperature ranging from 42° to 45°. 2. Complete expulsion or absorption of moisture from the body of the hive. 3. Perfect freedom from outward disturbances. 4. Protection of stores from contact with frost. 5. Protracted isolation from atmospheric changes in spring. 6. Exclusion of light. 7. Sufficient stores for winter consumption. It is generally admitted that these seven contingencies provided for, there will be no hazard in wintering, and it is further admitted that no plan so far practised combines all these essentials.—*American Agriculturist*.

Books and Periodicals.

HEROES AND HOLIDAYS. Talks and Stories about Heroes and Holidays; or, Ten-Minute Sermons to Boys and Girls on the Holidays and on the International Sunday-school Lessons of 1883. Funk & Wagnalls, publishers, 10 and 12 Day St., New York.

These sermons are by the following well-known preachers of the United States and England: Rev. W. F. Crafts, Rev. W. Bull, Rev. J. G. Merrill, Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D.D., Rev. Richard Newton, D.D., Rev. R. S. Storrs, D.D., Rev. Eli Corwin, D. D., Rev. Anna Oliver, Rev. B. T. Vincent, Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, Rev. Clayton

Welles, Rev. Richard Cordley, Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, Rev. J. S. Ostrander, Rev. S. H. Virgin, Rev. E. B. Snyder, D.D., Rev. J. A. Cass, Rev. Hiles Pardee. The book is edited by Rev. W. F. Crafts. It is illustrated with forty new cuts and many incident and object illustrations, making it a beautiful gift book.

The book includes holiday sermons to children for New Year's, Palm Sunday, Easter, Pentecost and Christmas, besides sermons on the Bible Heroes described in Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Samuel and Acts, and sermons on Missions and Temperance.

THE CONTINENT devotes its Christmas Number to stories, poems and pictures, as is appropriate for the holidays. The stories are by Harriet Beecher Stowe, E. P. Roe, Rosseter W. Raymond and Nathan Kouns. The first repeats a camp-fire story of slave-life in Florida; the second tells how a wounded soldier passed his Christmas; the third narrates the experiences of a little girl in teaching her mamma's landlord how to keep the holidays, and the fourth describes how a Poor Old Soul was visited first by the devil and secondly by an angel. The poems are by Margaret J. Preston, Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus"), Maria Oakey Dewing and others. Prose and poetry are illustrated by A. B. Frost, F. S. Church, T. W. Dewing, H. F. Farny, Jessie McDermott, Mary K. Trotter and others.

This sumptuous Christmas Number appropriately concludes a volume which is a triumph in periodical weekly literature. In spite of the largely-increased expense incurred in the way of heavier paper, more careful press-work, and richer illustrations, no advance is made in the price. THE CONTINENT has now demonstrated by a year of constantly-growing excellence in every department, that the public likes its magazines by the week. The next number opens the New Year and Volume III, which will contain a brilliant array of serials by the best writers at home and abroad.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for January, from the frontispiece, which is a masterly engraving from Rembrandt's celebrated portrait of the Burgomaster, to the last page of the Drawer, is a remarkably beautiful and interesting Number.—The opening article is the first of the long-expected series of papers by Geo. H. Boughton, entitled "Artist Strolls in Holland," and illustrated from drawings by the author and E. A. Abbey. The illustrations are what might be expected from such masters; and the article is so quaint and so picturesque in itself as to make one wish that all descriptive articles might be written by artists.—J. C. Beard's illustrations for Mr. Charles F. Holder's entertaining article, "Living Lamps," are beautiful and novel representations of phosphorescent phenomena.—Ernest Ingersoll, as a writer, and A. C. Redwood, as an artist, co-operate in a most interesting representation of "A Redwood Logging-Camp"—full of pictures of the Coast Range region of California. This is the first of a series of papers prepared by Mr. Ingersoll and Mr. Redwood, and will soon be followed by others describing Washington Territory.—Colonel Higginson continues his American History series, with a chapter entitled "The Old English Seamen," showing what the Cabots, Hawkins, Drake, Cavendish, and Raleigh did for the maritime supremacy of England in America in the sixteenth century. The article is beautifully illustrated.—Conrad Wilson contributes a paper on the possibilities of the American Dairy.—In fiction and poetry the Number is unusually strong. Austin Dobson contributes "The Ladies of St. James's: a proper new Ballad of the Country and Town," illustrated by Abbey. J. T. Trowbridge contributes "Widow Brown's Christmas," a new England story in verse—illustrated by Frost; and there are two Herkbeck poems, illustrated by Abbey. Besides the serial novels by Miss Woolson and William Black, there are three short stories: "The Rosary of Hearts," by Mrs. H. M. Plunkett, illustrated by Dieleman; "Tit for Tat," by Charles Reade, illustrated; and "Dick's Christmas," by Edward Everett Hale. There is also a characteristic sketch by Charles Phelps, entitled "The New-Year's Log-Rolling."—Mr. George William Curtis, in the Editor's Easy Chair, defends the good old Saxon custom of dining our English guests, discusses Mr. Spencer's views concerning America, points out the plutocratic tendencies of our time, especially in politics, and pays a tribute to the memory of the late Francis G. Shaw. The other Editorial departments are fuller than usual, and are well sustained.

Married.

In the Reformed Church, Shepherdstown, W. Va., Dec. 6, 1882, by Rev. J. A. Hoffheins, Mr. Dennis M. Kremer, of Martinsburg, W. Va., to Miss Ida Snurr, of Shepherdstown.

On Nov. 12th, 1882, at the Reformed parsonage, Walkersville, Md., by Rev. S. M. Hench, Steiner W. Ramsburg to Ida M. Stull, both of Frederick county, Md.

At the same place, by the same, on Dec. 7th, 1882, Albert T. Martz to Miss Emma E. Holtz, both of Frederick county, Md.

On Dec. 12th, 1882, at the residence of the bride's father, near Fairfield, Adams county, Pa., by Rev. S. M. Hench, William R. Taylor, of Lewistown, Frederick county, Md., to Miss Florence E. B. Barrick, of Adams county, Pa.

In St. John's Reformed Church, Martinsburg, Pa., Dec. 7th, 1882, by Rev. S. R. Bridenbaugh, assisted by Rev. J. David Miller, Mr. Charles Beachler, of Greenville, Pa., to Miss Anne M. Bridenbaugh, of Martinsburg, Pa.

On the evening of December 14, in St. Paul's Reformed Church, Reading, Pa., by Rev. B. Bauman, assisted by the father of the bride, Adam B. Rieser, Esq., to Miss Sarah E. Leinbach, oldest daughter of Rev. A. S. Leinbach, both of Reading, Pa.

At the residence of the bride's father, Emmenton, Pa., December 13, 1882, by Rev. R. C. Bowling, Mr. Louis A. Berling, of Allegheny City, Pa., to Miss Eda Kreis, of Emmenton, Pa.

Obitaries.

DIED.—Near Millinburg, Pa., Nov. 21, 1882, Lot W. Irvin, aged 42 years, 6 months and 24 days.

He fell from an engine and was instantly killed by the wayside. What a sudden call! Be ye also ready. How strange a providence! Let us not look at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen. Only there do we find comfort.

DIED.—In Emmenton, Pa., Dec. 12, 1882, Madge Viola, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Shakely, aged 4 yrs., 10 mos. and 10 days. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

DIED.—At Hagerstown, Md., Nov. 23, 1882, Richard S., son of Richard and Mollie Bennett, aged 3 years and 7 months.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

REV. A. R. KREMER,
REV. D. B. LADY,
REV. H. W. HIBSCHMAN, D. D., } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1882.

Time—impalpable, mysterious time will be apt to take any man into deep waters if he attempts to think about it in the abstract. Wonderful indeed it is, in itself, and in its relation to eternity, and this assumes a most serious aspect when we think of the difference sin has made during its narrow span. That awful fact changed the destiny of the human race and reached in its influence beyond the period when "time shall be no more." But over against this we have the counter-fact, that in the "fulness of time" God became man—the second generic Head of our race, and wrought out the problem of our salvation. The point at which the Incarnation took place was the supreme moment of all time. Years, and centuries, and ages must revolve around it in all their expanding cycles. It is not strange in view of the event it marked, that the advent of Christ should have begun a new era and become the date from which others are computed. "Anno Domini" is very proper.

But with all the possibilities of redemption brought to us in Christ, every thing depends upon our personal relation to Him, and our life is a probation during which that is to be determined.

If we are wise we will see to it as we stand upon the threshold of the new year, that the life that we live is by faith in the Son of God. That assured and maintained, we are safe. Without it our peril is immanent and swift destruction may come upon us at any moment.

Christmas seems to be more and more universally observed every year. And the spirit with which it is celebrated is evidently improving everywhere. There is less that is merely convivial and more that is Christian entering into its joys. In places like Rome and Madrid, it is still marked by noisy carnivals, but even in merry England where "wine and wassail" and revelry once prevailed, things have been toned down, while at the same time Puritanism is coming to see some propriety in rejoicing over the birth of the Saviour of the World.

In this country it is delightful to see how the festival is associated with the Christian idea, and how general are the expressions of good will among men. If the sentiment, and practices of the people are reflected by the press this week, there has been a great improvement in this regard. And these observances, with the fact of the Incarnation lying behind them have become a force which exerts an influence on thought and life, when Christmas proper is past.

REFORMED QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Our ministers and others have received a prospectus setting forth the new and enlarged basis upon which this important periodical will be published during the coming year and also giving some idea of the table of contents. We need therefore say only, that the January number shows a great improvement in its outward form. Its old friends will hardly recognize it in its new clothes, and we hope that the spirit of earnestness and enterprise that the editors and publishers are manifesting will incite the Church to give the work a hearty support.

The communication in reference to the College at Lancaster in our present issue will be read with interest and, no doubt arrest attention. We were pleased to find upon a recent visit to Lancaster, that the condition of the Institution is excellent. The College classes are well filled, the order very good, and a warm attachment on the part of the students prevails towards the professors as well as a spirit of enthusiasm for the College. Both the literary societies have been making substantial additions to their libraries. The Theological Seminary has had an accession of ten new students. The monthly meetings held in the chapel in the interest of missions exert a good influence. At one of these meet-

ings a request was made by the Society of Inquiry that the President of the College should preach a sermon on the subject of missions, and subsequently a copy was asked for publication in the MESSENGER. Owing to the crowded state of our columns we could only give the extract published several weeks ago. The Ladies' Missionary Society of the College Church had just prepared a well filled box for a missionary in Oregon. Altogether we were favorably impressed with the activity and progress manifested in the Institutions at Lancaster. We hope the improvement suggested by "Alumnus" will find a cordial response from the friends of the College.

Judge Agnew, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, has given his opinion that the act repealing the law of forbidding the use of instrumental music in United Presbyterian Churches was constitutionally passed. And now our esteemed contemporary, the *Christian Instructor*, reviews the decision of Judge Agnew, and says that "Judge Strong is his superior as a civil jurist and in his acquaintance with the genius of Presbyterianism." That may be; but we are all apt to think the most learned judges are those who think as we do. The appeal to Caesar, in this case, does not seem to have been very satisfactory.

Some weeks ago, we published extracts from articles written by the originators of the Salvation Army, in which the peculiarities of the organization were defined and defended. Since then, Cardinal Manning has written an article on the subject, in which he makes what the friends of the movement call the strong points, the sources of weakness and danger. He thinks the investiture of the new convert, with a flaming badge, and making it obligatory upon him to testify by public speaking, is inimical to that humility which is the first condition of Christian character. In this he is, probably, right. The injunction of Paul when he said, "Not a novice, lest he be lifted up and fall into the condemnation of the devil," should be heeded in the case of others as well as bishops. Certain it is that those set forth to preach the gospel without any equipment, except zeal, do not, as a rule, produce the best results. They often fall by the wayside, and bring reproach upon the cause of Christ. People are beginning to see this, and self-constituted bureaus to send forth evangelists with a view of getting up revivals have been abandoned. Still, as a correspondent suggests, there is truth on both sides. Public confession and earnest work surely are not to be ignored by the humblest disciple; and there may be a temporary place in English religious development for such a nondescript manifestation.

The *Independent* says: "A beautiful memorial of his daughter, who died last summer, has been made by Senator Edmunds, by endowing in her name a room in the Mary Fletcher Hospital, Burlington, Vt. Over the door outside a handsome tablet bears the name 'Julia M. Edmunds' and the date of the endowment. Within, the room is luxuriously furnished, every article in it being marked with the initials 'J. M. E.' On the wall hangs a superb engraving of Millet's painting, 'L'Angeles.' The endowment, \$5,000, provides for the support and care of one free patient, and its first beneficiary has just been received."

We cite this to commend it to thousands who might do the same thing, even if the amount given should not be so large. How much better to invest money in that way than to put it in costly marble! The endowment of a pew in some struggling congregation, or the setting apart of a sum for missions, or for sending a church paper to some indigent person, or for the support of the poor in any neighborhood, would do more to perpetuate the memory of a child than any monument that could be built. Suppose the fund should yield but a few dollars per annum, there is no telling the good that would be accomplished by it, and all would tend to the glory of God. Let pastors bring this subject before their people, from the pulpit and in private conversation. If not expecting too much from millionaires and rich people in general, we are at least forgetting what those in ordinary circumstances may do. Let each one act as a responsible individual, and consider it a privilege as well as a duty to do something in this way. It is said that almost every educated New Englander remembers his Alma Mater in some form in his will. That has become a habit, and we can, in time, get our people into the same good habit as far as other things are con-

cerned, if we only look for it. The habit will grow and the cumulative force will tell wonderfully upon the lives of benefactors and upon the progress of the Church.

There is no telling what changes may be wrought by means of the Telephone. A Baptist minister in New Britain, Conn., was recently enabled to address an audience forty miles distant from the one before which he preached at home. Science in this way may be a great help to the sick, who cannot come to church, and it may at the same time be put to such use by the wealthy and luxurious as to make them neglect the assembling of themselves together. One man may in time to come, supply a dozen congregations with the preached word, which will be well enough in the scarcity of ministers, especially if it brings elders and deacons to the front in the way of pastoral work. And then too this advance ought to relieve the trouble of candidating. Vacant congregations need not invite a minister into their midst to preach a trial sermon, or send a committee to hear him; they need only set up an instrument in order to let all the people judge of the tone of his voice, and the excellence of his discourse. Now if only some one will perfect a series of reflectors to enable men to see their fellows at a distance, the arrangement will be perfect. As it is, they might call a man, and not like his gestures or find that he has a Roman nose.

Clergymen of all denominations have signed an address to the ladies of New York, urging them to put no wine or strong drink on their tables on New Year's day. It would be well if women all over the land would observe this precaution, at all times.

The Red Flag was waved and cheered in the New York harbor and at Cooper Institute on the 19th inst. upon the arrival of Herr Most, the Nihilist who came to our shores on that day aboard the Ship *Wisconsin*. Herr Most is the man who commended the assassination of the Czar of Russia, and has spent some time in an English prison for his inflammatory speeches and writings; and his friends in this country met him as a hero and a martyr. Edward King of the central Labor Union, presided at the meeting in the evening, where red badges and banners were wanted and where Victor Drury and other Socialists made speeches. Telegraphic greetings of Herr Most from Grand Rapids, Chicago, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Meriden, Milwaukee, and Philadelphia were read. The *Pittsburg Despatch* called Herr Most the "reddest of the reds." The despatch from Philadelphia said, "Long live the revolution! Down with tyrants!" When Herr Most said that the revolution would involve the destruction of religion, the utterance was greeted by applause that lasted for a full minute.

And these are the men who say they are working in the interest of downtrodden humanity!

We expected some annoying typographical errors in our last number, as such things seem to occur when most care is taken, but we did not of course know just where the lightning would strike. We find now that in Dr. Bausman's communication in regard to the dedication of Bethany Orphan Home, the types give credit for one hundred more rooms than the new building actually contains. In another communication, the name of Rev. Frank Wetzel, President of Illinois College, was mis-spelled.

The funeral of Louis Blanc, which took place in Paris on the 12th of December, furnishes a remarkable instance of the way in which extremists contradict themselves. The noted journalist was a free-thinker, and the demonstrations at his funeral were therefore purely civic, but the streets through which the cortege passed, especially the Rue de Rivoli, were lined with crowds of people. In the procession were nearly all the Republican Deputies and Senators, over a hundred deputations, bearing draped flags and wreaths, and large detachments of infantry. The remains were interred in the cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise. Not the least significant episode of the day was the presence of M. Duclerc among the chief mourners. The French Premier walked bareheaded all the way to the cemetery. At the grave, M. Edmonds, the executor of M. Blanc, read an address written by Victor Hugo, in which the poet says: "Consolation for the death of Louis Blanc must be sought in the belief of his immortality, for the law of Heaven willed that such men should re-

main. If a light had spent itself, the source of that light was never yet quenched. Louis Blanc had fulfilled the double mission of serving and loving the people before history and God."

What is remarkable about the case is, that the French Radicals are always and forever clamoring for absolute equality, but none are more ready and eager to recognize the essential inequality of men than they. When a prophet like Louis Blanc dies, they bury him with the honors of a king.

The Methodists are following quickly in the steps of the Presbyterians in the revival of the order of deaconesses. They elected two at the recent annual meeting of their church at Jersey City Heights. Good! The hospital founded by Mr. Seney in New York will call for more, and before long pious women, especially devoted to works of charity, will be found in many congregations of all denominations.

The *Missionary Herald* and *Sentinel* told us some months ago, of a member of our communion in the far west who was struggling to build a house and barn in the wilds, but was laboring as hard for a church, as for the improvement of his own property. He wanted all to go up together. God will help that man. He always honors those who honor Him. The richest blessing lies in the disposition already given to him, and safety and outward valuations will be sure to follow. Real estate was not worth much in Sodom and Gomorah.

We clipped an article from the *Christian Advocate* some weeks ago which we wished to re-publish, but it has been mislaid, and we will have to give the substance of it from memory. It appears that an itinerant away up in the Adirondacks was passing a lonely cabin, when a woman called to him over the brush fence in front of her door. She asked if he was a preacher, and when told that he was, said she had been anxious to see one for some time. She wanted to give something for missions. It appears that there were so few people in the neighborhood that there was apparently nothing to justify a church, but she wanted to give something towards furnishing the gospel in some other place. The minister expected a few cents, and was astonished at receiving ten dollars, which the lonely heroine had been saving up for some time. God bless that woman! Has she not taught you a lesson?

REFLECTION.

"The Past—where is it? It has fled.
The Future? It may never come.
Our friends departed? With the dead.
Ourselves? Fast hastening to the tomb.
What are earth's joys? The dews of morn.
Its honors? Ocean's wreathing foam.
Where's peace? In trials meekly borne.
And joy? In heaven, the Christian's home."

The first book of the Bible in the original language in which it was written has no name; but the translators of it into the Greek called it Genesis—a history of the originals—of the coming in, or of the beginning of things. The second book they called Exodus—the way out of—the departure—the going out of the children of Israel from Egypt. So is it with man. No sooner has he come into the world than he begins to go out of it. He has his genesis and his exodus. From the moment of birth to the moment of death is only exodus—a going out of the world.

Man has no permanent abiding place on this side of the grave. When he begins to inhale air, he also commences to die. It is the inevitable result of the introduction of sin into his Paradise by Satan. Death began to reign when his normal state became abnormal. And though his life be brilliant and splendid through the corruptions of genius, mental acumen, indomitable energy, and the spirit of industry, he is destined to disappear forever from the present stage of activity. How forcibly we are reminded of this as the year A. D. 1882 is finishing its cycle; as it is numbered with the past, when the dial hand of the clock marks the midnight hour of the 31st of December, and the New Year comes in—comes in to vanish again like a midsummer's dream.

Human life is like the uncertain whirling, we know not how long it runs. It may reach three-score years and ten, or by reason of strength four-score years, but it will be cut off to enter upon the scenes of eternity. "We fly away."

The whole arithmetic of human life is embraced between two words: birth and death. The sum total can only be numbered for each mortal on the day of death; and as two words mark the beginning and

the ending of human life, so three words designate its different stages: youth, middle age, old age. Many of the sons of Adam and Eve die in youth, fewer in middle age, and only very few live to die in old age. So terrible is the power of sin that man is not exempt from death during the first periods of life. We have witnessed the bright eyes of merry childhood close in death as well as those of decrepit old age. Funeral rites are performed for children as well as for those falling when the sun of life is at its zenith, or when it has run its allotted course. As we stand on the verge of the old year, reflecting concerning human life, we cannot but feel sad that the being so nobly planned, endowed with such marvellous mental powers, capable of incognizable development, is enfeebled and marred and blurred physically, mentally and spiritually through the elements of evil; that the whole order of nature, created for man's use and pleasure, is also wofully disturbed and infested with thorns and thistles to add sorrow to the sorrow of man, so frail and so inert of will to bring himself into harmony with God's will. But we will not dilate on this sad feature of human life. It is not necessary. The most illiterate are acquainted with the self-evident reality, that the estate of man, according to nature, is sinful and miserable. Into every span of mortal life enters some pain and sorrow. Three things we know are true, both from revelation and observation: Human life has sorrows, is uncertain and at longest short. We come into the world to go out again. H.

With the beginning of the New Year, the MESSENGER will put on a plain neat heading and don a suit of new type such as was used in the Christmas number. Satisfactory arrangements have also been made to cut and stitch the leaves of the paper.

Rev. A. C. Geary preached an admirable sermon at a Union Meeting at Keedysville, Washington county, Md., on Thanksgiving Day. His theme was "Christianity, the Bulwark of the Nation." The discourse was published, by request, in the *Hagerstown Odd Fellow*.

Dr. Weiser's Monograph of Goshenhoppen charge, which we noticed a short time ago, may be had of Daniel Miller, publisher, Reading, Pa., for seventy five cents per copy; or at our Publication Rooms, 907 Arch street.

The recent election of ex-Attorney General A. K. Seyster to the Bench in western Maryland, reminds us that our institutions have furnished quite a number of men for that responsible office. Hons. William M. Hall, D. Watson Rowe, Charles A. Mayer, Joseph C. Bucher, Charles A. Barnett, and H. C. Thatcher—all received their literary preparation at Mercersburg or Lancaster. There may be others, but these occur to us just now.

Communications.

REV. J. SAMUEL VANDERSLOOT.

Rev. J. Samuel Vandersloot, son of Rev. F. Edward and his wife, the late Rebecca Vandersloot, was born in Dillsburg, York county Pa., October 20th, 1834, baptized in infancy by his father, his uncle, Rev. F. W. Vandersloot and his wife, being sponsors, and he was catechized and confirmed by Rev. Zeigler at Gettysburg in his youth. In this period he learned the printing trade at Gettysburg. For awhile he attended the Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg, though he did not take a full course. Afterwards he read law, and was admitted to practice at the Gettysburg Bar, January 17th, 1860. Soon afterwards he moved to Philadelphia, was admitted to the Bar here, but did not devote himself to the practice of the law. In 1862 he began the work of writing, editing, and compiling works on Biblical Literature for different publishers, and he continued at this work until 1875. We have not access to a full list of his labors in this department, but we can give the following titles of books published as the fruit of his industry: "Life of our Saviour with prominent events in Gospel History;" "Comprehensive and Explanatory Bible Dictionary;" "Church Dictionary;" "Popular Commentary on the Bible;" "Illustrated Practical Dictionary of the Bible;" "Inspired History of Jesus," with several others.

In 1874 he was licensed by the Philadelphia Conference of the M. E. Church, to preach the gospel, and, on the 30th of May, 1875, he took charge of the Mt. Zion M. E. Church at Darby, a suburb of Philadelphia, where he preached twenty months, Feb. 5th, 1877, he was received by the Philadelphia Classis into the Reformed Church, as a licentiate, and on the 11th of the same month he was ordained and installed pastor of St. John's Reformed Mission West Philadelphia, by a committee of Classis consisting of Revs. Dr. P. S. Davis, S. R. Fisher and F. H. Levan. He served this Mission until the 8th of June, 1881, when the pastoral relation was dissolved. On the 31st of Aug., 1881, Philadelphia Classis confirmed a call to him from Grace Reformed Mission at 10th and Dauphin streets, this city, and he was pastor here until the 2d of Oct., 1882, when the relation was dissolved, although he resigned in June previously, on account of failing health.

Mr. Vandersloot was married to Miss H. Daisy Cloud, Aug. 27th, 1863. Eight children were born in this home, four of whom, three daughters and one son, survive him.

Mr. Vandersloot was of Reformed stock through his ancestry, and, although he was for a time connected with the M. E. Church as layman and licentiate, he felt that the Church of his fathers was his proper spiritual home, and in it he preferred to labor. Becoming acquainted with Rev. Dr. S. R. Fisher, it was not long until he returned to the bosom of his first love, and then he at once entered upon the work to which he devoted the balance of his days.

The deceased was not strong of body. For years he struggled with physical infirmities, which at last vitiated the functions of the heart, and thus ended his life.

While the body was frail, the mind was active. This is indicated by the amount of work he did. Besides editing books, he frequently wrote for the press, in addition to his labors for the pulpit. He was also zealous in the Master's work. His was an energetic, hopeful spirit. He looked on the brighter side of life. While the horizon was over-spread with clouds, he discerned by faith the light in the clouds. As a preacher he was earnest and ready. He magnified his office by exalting Christ as the Saviour of men.

The two missions with which he was connected as pastor in this city, were difficult of cultivation. It was hard, self-denying work he had to do. The support was meager, if not inadequate. He was anxious to see the work prosper in his hands. But his health was precarious, and often he was unable to fill his pulpit. Last summer he was very sick, but rallied, and his friends hoped for his recovery. But the end came apace, and on the morning of the 6th of December he fell asleep. He told us during his illness he would like to get well that he might live and work for Christ, but he was resigned to the Providence that directs our ways.

The funeral took place from his residence in West Philadelphia, on Saturday, Dec. 9th. He was buried in Fernwood cemetery. Rev. Geo. H. Johnston had charge of the services and preached a sermon on the minister's life in relation to suffering and glory. Revs. O. G. Fisher, Drs. D. E. Klopp, P. S. Davis, and J. I. Good took part in the services. The choir of St. John's Mission, which he had served, sang several hymns. Revs. J. K. Plitt and Holman of the Lutheran Church were present. Revs. Dr. P. S. Davis, J. P. Stein, A. R. Thompson and J. I. Good acted as bearers. Rev. J. P. Stein read the service at the grave. We also noticed the presence of Rev. W. F. P. Davis, who however took his place among the relatives of the deceased.

It is a sad home for the widow and fatherless children. How dreary are some of the sorrows of our pilgrim state! But the God of the covenant will make His bow to span the way of His children out to the end, and the while dispense grace and help to every member of His family. His promises are especially pledged in their behalf.

G. H. J.

CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTIONS.

The constitution says in regard to special meetings of Synod, that they can only be such "as were constituted at the previous annual meeting." We take it for granted that this rule also applies to special meetings of Classes.

1. Does this rule imply that only such members of Classes or Synod who did attend the annual meeting have a right to participate in the business transactions of the special meeting, or those who had a right to attend, but were prevented from doing so?

2. When a delegated elder, *primarius*, requests his *secundus* to occupy his seat at the annual meeting, and is unable to do so, must in that case the respective congregation remain without representation at all special meetings during the year?

3. There is still another phase to this question. Supposing an elder, who did attend the annual meeting, is, during the year, succeeded in office by another, is he still entitled to a vote at any special meeting that may occur, or has a newly elected delegate, who did not attend the previous annual meeting, a right to represent his congregation at such meetings? An answer to the above is respectfully solicited.

N. G.

We find the above in the MESSENGER of Dec. 6. The questions asked are of practical importance, and will come before the next General Synod for decision, by reference from the Eastern German Synod. Opinions may vary as to the correct answers. Under these circumstances we will venture merely to indicate our view, leaving the real decision of the question to the proper body, i. e., the General Synod.

We think that N. G. is in error in taking it for granted, that the clause spoken of (in Art. 66), applies to special meetings of Classes, as well as to those of Synods. And for the following reasons:

1. The Constitution has five sections relating to the judicatories or church courts. The first is general, relating to all of them. The others refer specifically in their order to Consistories, Classes, Synods and General Synods. If the clause referred to were intended to apply to all of them, it would stand in the first of these sections. But it is not found there.

2. If it were intended to apply to Classes, it would also stand in the third as well as the fourth section. But it does not stand there. No restriction of that kind is found in Art. 57.

3. The general legal rule that applies to all public bodies, such as Congress, Legislatures, etc., is, that a special meeting of any body is to be composed of all persons who are entitled to seats, whether they have been present at, or members of, the preceding regular meeting or not. Now the clause in Art. 66, is a departure from this legal rule, and cannot apply to any of our Courts, unless specifically so ordained by the constitution. But it is so ordained only with respect to special meetings of the Synod. Hence the constitution should not be so construed as to make it apply to Classes.

4. The many difficulties that may, and will arise, if it is made to apply to Classes, (as indicated by the three questions of N. G.) is an additional reason against so construing it. Doubtless there was some reason why this restriction, as relating to Synods, was inserted in the constitution. But we know of no good reason why this restriction should be imposed on the Classes. Synods meet but seldom in general session; but there are hundreds of special meetings of Classes every year, and it would be very embarrassing if such a rule were applied. A little reflection will show every one, that (1), the Classes generally have not

applied this rule; (2) it would often work great harm, if it were so applied.

We would therefore answer the three questions of N. G. as follows:

1. At a special meeting of Classes all its ministers, and the *primarius* elder from each charge (or, in his absence, the *secundus*), are entitled to seats, whether they were in attendance at the same meeting or not.

2. This question is answered in the negative.

3. The newly elected delegate is entitled to the seat. J. H. G.

KANSAS.—AN URGENT APPEAL.

Dear friends and readers of the MESSENGER so much has already been said through the *Christian World* in regard to this Lyons mission, and especially in regard to our church erection, that I should feel a little delicacy in saying anything more about it if I had not already seen the first fruits of what I have said. And should I consult my own personal feelings about this matter rather than the work of the great Master and the interests of our church, I should certainly be tempted to withdraw from this arduous work. But the Master's work is here to be done and it must be done, whether our natural inclinations relish it so well or not. Although "words are cheap," as some say, I have never said or written a single word about this matter without much intentional gravity. No one naturally understands the condition and the wants of this mission field better than myself, and I can conscientiously say that there is much interest at stake for our church here, and without the proper attention on the part of those who are financially able to preserve it, our Reformed church here must and will retire to the back ground, as it has in other places not far from here. We can now see the sad results of delay of missionary work in Sterling, ten miles south of Lyons. Had the proper attention been given to that place, and had a Reformed church edifice been erected there in time, we might to-day have a strong and self-supporting congregation there, but, as it has been, our main force has united with other churches, and there is now but little Reformed element left there for us. It is just as unnatural for a congregation of God's people to thrive and increase in strength without a suitable house in which to worship, as it is for a college or any other institution to do well without a suitable building; and even more so if we remember that most men are naturally slow at church work, especially in new countries. Many of those who have lived long in new countries where there is no organized church of their own faith, although they may once have been good working church members, have naturally become religiously indifferent and hence are not so easily gathered together for worship into an inconvenient and unsuitable house. But it becomes us to exercise patience with their indifference, and even offer them every inducement in order to reclaim them.

However, should we accuse our people here of such indifference, we would do them injustice, for the greater part of them are earnestly engaged in serving the Lord. And I think I can justly say for them that all they need to build up a congregation here is a little help and some encouragement. And this they can affectionately claim from you, my dear readers, because many of them have doubtless used the hammer and their means in building some of the fine churches of Easton, Pa., whence the greater part of them came, but on account of high-priced lands there, they have left those fine churches and come to cheaper lands without houses and without churches, many of them, too, to struggle with poverty.

And now, my dear readers, in the name of all that is good, I humbly appeal to your best feelings to remember us and send us of your substance according as the Lord has blessed you to build us a Reformed Church in Lyons, which we so much need, and must have if we are to prosper as a congregation. The Missionary Board is favoring us considerably by supporting the pastor in order to build up a Reformed congregation here, and now please do not, if possible, let its purpose be thwarted on account of having no church edifice. This Board has lately declared an increased interest in this mission by increasing the pastor's salary, and now we hope others may manifest the same disposition towards our people here. And hence I appeal through the MESSENGER to individuals, Sunday-schools, missionary societies, and congregations of Pennsylvania especially, to send me your contributions no matter how small, and thus aid us in this undertaking. Whether you are a minister of the Gospel or not take this work to heart, get up a list, and each raise \$5 or \$10 for me. This is a small amount for any one and can easily be raised with the proper effort, especially now about Christmas when everybody feels like giving something. In order to get a church we will need at least \$500 from abroad, about \$200 of which is already raised. We have made special application by circular letters to some, and unless they respond favorably, we shall be tempted to visit them personally and reason with them face to face. More anon.

ALLEN R. HOLSHOUSER.

Lyons, Bier county, Kansas,

December 14, 1882.

CHURCH IMPROVEMENTS.

During the past year the congregations that worship in the South Whitehall or Mickle's church have shown signs of great vitality. Their house of worship has undergone material changes, a finely proportioned steeple has been added, and by the liberality of Elder Butz, a member of the Reformed congregation, a sweet-toned bell has been hung therein. To finish the improvements so as to make the church one of the finest and best appointed of country churches, a good organ was needed. This want was supplied, and on the 24th of September it was dedicated.

Rev. W. R. Hoffer, the pastor of the Reformed congregation, in behalf of the donor, formally handed over the organ to the two congregations, in a well chosen and happily worded speech. The gift was received on behalf of the congregations by Rev. J. D. Schindel, pastor of the Lutheran congregation. The sermon on the occasion was preached by the Rev. T. O. Stem, of Easton, Pa., in the German language.

The congregations are indebted to Mr. Geo. H. Stem, of Stenton, Pa., for the instrument, it having been purchased and put up at his own expense, as a gift to the church. It will be a monument to his memory and liberality in the cause of Christ and His church.

The instrument is a handsome pipe organ, with 16 stops, built by Labagh & Kemp, of New York city. It bears the inscription, designed by the builders, in the form of a triangle, having on the three sides the motto—"To the praise and glory of God," and in the centre, "Presented by George H. Stem and family, to the Reformed and Lutheran congregations of South Whitehall Church, 1882."

In the afternoon Revs. W. Roth and E. A. Gernant preached, the former in German, the latter in English. In the evening the services were conducted by the two respective pastors. Rev. W. R. Hoffer, the worthy and efficient pastor of the Reformed congregation, can well congratulate himself on having such generous and liberal-hearted members. Long may they live to enjoy the blessings of their generosity, and may God's promise be fulfilled unto them, "the liberal soul shall be made fat."

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

The fall communions in the Centre Hall charge, Rev. S. M. Roeder, pastor, were marked with the usual interest. An increase of membership in Trinity congregation at Centre Hall, Pa., deserves mention. Two young ladies received the rite of confirmation, and one family, husband and wife, united by certificate. The collections for the present classical year in behalf of benevolence—harvest-home, communion, and English church at Williamsport—amount to \$131.15.

Thanksgiving Day was observed by holding religious services at 10 A. M., in Trinity church, Centre Hall, sermon by Rev. W. K. Foster of the Presbyterian church. In the evening an interesting service was held in the same church, being the first anniversary of its Missionary Aid Society. Rev. J. F. De Long of Bellefonte, Pa., preached an appropriate sermon, whilst the people by their presence signified their interest in the work of missions. Although this society is in its infancy its offerings—altogether voluntary and not obligatory—amount to \$17.31. Its value in discriminating missionary news is very great.

On Sunday, October 29, Trinity Reformed church of Tamaqua, Pa., held communion service. Pastor Fisher was assisted by Rev. L. K. Derr, who was instrumental in organizing the congregation twenty-five years ago. The congregation is not very strong numerically, but contributed the handsome sum of \$141.75 toward building Zion's mission church at Reading, of which Rev. Derr is pastor.

Twelve persons were added to Lower Mount Bethel, Pa., congregation, of which Rev. Dr. H. H. W. Hibshman is pastor, at its late communion. Six persons were also added to the Plicksville congregation, of which the above named brother is also pastor, on the first Sunday in December.

On November 5, the Howardstown church was rededicated. The remodeling of this church cost \$3,000. Notwithstanding the home expense, the Reformed congregation, of which Rev. C. J. Becker is pastor, contributed \$100 toward Zion's mission of Reading.

On Sunday, November 12, Rev. S. P. Manger was installed pastor of the Piquette charge, consisting of two congregations, Chester county, Pa. He is the successor of the venerable and esteemed Father Knipe, who served this field for fifty years. Father Knipe lives to see his original field divided into five charges. The committee of installation consisted of Revs. Jesse Knipe, D. S. Ebbert and Dr. Bomberger, of Ursinus College.

The church, held jointly by the Reformed and Lutheran congregations, known as Swamp Church, West Cocalico township, Lancaster Co., Pa., was remodeled during last summer, and was rededicated Sunday, November 6. Rev. S. Sweitzer is the Reformed pastor.

The Orangeville charge has refused to accept the resignation of Rev. A. Houtz. At a meeting of the joint consistories held on the 14th inst., it was resolved that a relation which has existed for thirteen years with most happy results, should not be broken. The salary was increased, and such assurance of the confidence of the people given, that Brother Houtz properly concluded to remain. The action of the joint consistories was supplemented by a donation amounting to \$120.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

Rev. C. U. Heilman added thirty members during the communion seasons lately held in his charge. Of these eighteen were received by confirmation, and twelve on renewal of profession.

SYNOD OF THE NORTH-WEST.

This Synod licensed and ordained M. Derry, late from the Mission House, Sheboygan, Wis., and commissioned him to missionize in Chicago. If we are not mistaken this Synod has now four ministers laboring in this metropolis of the West. God speed them. They are our brethren.

At Helvetia, Randolph county, W. V., a new Reformed church was lately dedicated. The congregation numbers between sixty and seventy families.

Rev. M. Denny's address is, Humboldt Park, Clarke county, Ill.

SEMINARY NOTICE.

The session of the Theological Seminary, Lancaster, will be re-opened on Thursday, A. M., January 4, 1883, at 10 o'clock, when the opening address will be delivered in the College Chapel.

E. V. GERHART,
Pres. of Faculty.

ATTENTION.

The Home Mission Treasury is worse than empty, and many of the missionaries unpaid; therefore, if any of the brethren have money in hand for this object they will please forward it without delay to

WM. H. SEIBERT,
Treasurer.

General News.

HOME.

The White House now thoroughly refitted has been thrown open to visitors. The first public reception will be held on New Year's Day.

Congress adjourned to Wednesday 26th, but will hardly get a quorum to do business until after New Year's. The Tariff is still under consideration.

The City Bank of Rochester, N. Y., has failed for \$1,000,000. The President it is said lost other people's money in oil. The Second National Bank of Jefferson, Ohio, has failed.

A banquet was given last week to Judge Sharswood who retires from the Bench on the 1st of January.

Col. Levi Maltzberger, a prominent citizen of Reading, Pa., was severely stabbed in a drinking saloon on the night of the 20th inst.

An attempt made to swindle New York firms by diamond brokers in this city has been expired. Jewels were bought and partly paid for in cash and notes. The plan was to have the purchasers break up with the goods in their possession.

A china and decorating establishment in Trenton, N. J., was partially burned on the 20th. The incendiary was caught in the act of stealing from the place.

Goldsmith's Hall on Library street, in the rear of the post office in this city, was destroyed by fire last week. The place was occupied in part by Lehman & Bolton, Lithographers.

The Dauphin Court, at Harrisburg, by a recent order, changed the date for taking out licenses for the sale of liquor from February 1st to the 19th, thus compelling the hotels and saloons to close their bars for nineteen days. A petition asking that a special license day be granted, refused by the Court.

FOREIGN.

Victor Pollet, the distinguished French engraver, is dead.

The people of Southern Italy have subscribed \$25,000 for the relief of sufferers from the inundations in the North.

Distress among the small farmers of Ireland is said to be very great.—Flynn, the last convicted murderer of the Huddys, has been executed.

Dortmund, Dec. 22.—Twenty-five persons were killed by the falling of the cage in the Harlenburg mine on Wednesday. The cage fell a distance of 1800 feet.

OFFER OF PREMIUM FOR TRACT NO. 2.

The undersigned would hereby offer a Premium of TWENTY DOLLARS in gold for the best Tract on "The Work of Missions in the Reformed Church in the United States." Tract must not exceed 1400 words in length.

The committee to whom manuscripts are to be sent and who shall decide as to the one meriting the Premium, consists of Revs. J. O. Miller, D. D., York, Pa.; Theodore Appel, D. D., Lancaster, Pa.; W. H. H. Snyder, Elders W. H. Seibert and Rud. F. Kelker, Harrisburg, Pa.

Manuscripts must be signed by an assumed name and sent to any member of the Committee by January 25, 1883. The assumed name and the real name of the author to be sent to the undersigned. All manuscripts to be the property of the undersigned.

What is desired is a Tract that will, in a brief, practical, and instructive way, best present the subject for the information of the church, and the progress of the work that is before us as a Church.

CHARLES G. FISHER,
907 Arch Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

October 27, 1882.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL HELPS FOR 1883.

Now is the time to make up orders for Sunday-school Helps for the coming year. "The Guardian," for teachers; "The Quarterly," for scholars; "Lesson Papers," advanced and primary; "The Child's Treasury," monthly and semi-monthly; and "Sunshine," are equal to any others of the kind, and at prices in keeping with their contents and appearance. The cheapest are not always the best. Specimen copies sent on application free of charge. We look for an increased demand for them all during the coming year. Pastors and superintendents will please give attention to this and see that their schools have their own Church Publications in use. Address

REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,
Philadelphia, 907 Arch St.

CHURCH ALMANAC FOR 1883.

Our Church Almanac for 1883 is now ready for distribution. The following is the schedule of prices:

1 copy, postage paid,	\$.10
12 copies,	.65
50 "	2.50
100 "	4.75

To which must be added 12 cents a dozen for postage, if sent by mail.

A discount of five per cent. for cash.

We have endeavored to improve the appearance of the Almanac, and have it contain as usual an amount of matter that must prove interesting and instructive to every Church member. We have also added eight more pages—which gives more space to be filled with valuable reading matter. We have tried to make it truly a year book for the church. For this purpose we hope pastors and members will aid in its circulation, so that it may reach at least every family in the church. Send in your orders at once.

Address,
REFORMED CHURCH PUB. BOARD,
907 Arch street, Phila.

GERMAN ALMANAC FOR 1883.

We have received a supply of German Almanacs for 1883, from the German Publishing House, Cleveland, O., which we will furnish at the following rates:—

Single copy, postage paid,	12 cts.
Twelve copies,	95 cts.

To which must be added 15 cents a dozen for postage, if sent by mail.

A discount of five per cent. for cash.

Address,
REFORMED CHURCH PUB. BOARD,
907 Arch street, Phila.

REFORMED CHURCH ALMANAC AND YEAR BOOK FOR 1883.

[WESTERN]

We have received a supply of the above Almanac, and will fill orders for it at the same rates as the publishers.

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One Dozen,	.80
50 copies,	3.00
100 "	6.00

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907 Arch St., Phila.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

Rev. Charles G. Fisher,
Superintendent and Treasurer.

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Renewals should be made, if possible, before the date transpires. If two issues are allowed to be sent after that time, and a notice to discontinue is then received, the subscriber will be charged for the six months commenced.

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Should you remit, and on examining the label on your paper you do not find the proper credit given after two weeks have elapsed, please inform us by postal, so that any failure to reach us may be discovered, or any mistake or omission may be corrected.

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Youth's Department.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY ELLEN HAILE.

The New Year's knocking at the door,
His hands are full of holly;
How bright the boyish face he wears—
His boyish smile how jolly.

"The world is old, the year is young,"
He says with smile so winning.
"Forget the past, look up again;
Let's have a new beginning."

"Let's try, and try again," he says,
"To make the old world brighter;
Let's help our comrades all the year
To make their burdens lighter."

"Let's try to keep our tempers in;
Let's try to keep from crying;
Let's try to do the best we can,
And then, when I lie dying,

"You'll all look back, you'll all shake hands,
You'll say, 'Good-by, Old Year,
You've helped us, and we've tried with you
Some weary hearts to cheer.'"

HOW BESSY BARTON SPENT NEW YEAR'S.

Little Bessy Barton and her mother had just left their beautiful home on the main street of Clayton Village, one morning, a few days before New Year's, and were on their way to buy some toys at Mr. Dayton's large store, when another little girl, poorly clad, with a thin, pale face, stopped them, and said:

"Please, ma'am, mayn't I do some work for you?"

"Work for me!" exclaimed Mrs. Barton. "What can such a little tot as you do? Why, you are smaller than my Bessy, and I don't believe Bessy is old enough yet to be of much use in house-work."

"I'm older than I'm big, ma'am. I'm almost eight, an' I can wash dishes, run errands, an' mind the baby."

"Where do you live, and why do you want a place?" asked the lady gently, won by the earnest blue eyes that looked so pleadingly into hers.

"We live down at the Montana factory. You see, father got hurt in the machinery last fall, an' mother can't take care of us all, so I thought I'd hire out. Oh, ma'am, we're so poor! I—haven't had any breakfast."

The voice hesitated, and tears came into her blue eyes.

"I'll give you a quarter to buy one," replied Mrs. Barton, opening her purse.

But the little one drew back, saying, "Mother wouldn't want me to beg."

"O mamma! do let her come help nurse run after Eddy. She says she is all tired out every night," said Bessy, eagerly.

Mrs. Barton looked from one to the other, and thought, "Suppose it was my child wanting food." Then she said, "Come, we'll go back, and you shall have a good warm breakfast; then help amuse the baby. If you do well, I may hire you by the week. What is your name?"

"Susy Davis. O ma'am, I'll do my best, for we are to be turned out of our room by the middle of next week if mother don't have the rent."

"Well, we will see how you behave," replied Mrs. Barton, as they returned to the house. There she told the old nurse Susy's story, and what she wanted her to do, and said that she intended going right down to Montana to see her parents.

Bessy begged permission to accompany her mother, and in a short time they found the tenement house where, in one room, the family lived. The sick father lay upon a straw mattress on the floor, and beside him sat his wife, sewing on some coarse garment, while a little girl, smaller than Susy, held a pale, sickly baby in her arms, rocking to and fro, trying to hush its cries. There was no fire, although the weather was freezing.

Mrs. Barton told them that she had met Susy, and had heard of their trouble from her, and had now come to see how she could help them.

She listened to the story of the accident, and how gradually all their money was used up; then she gave them enough to buy food and wood for their present need, and said she had engaged Susy to run after her two-year-old boy, and she would see what more she could do to help them.

When they left the house Mrs. Barton said to Bessy, "Now, dear, we will go buy your toys."

"But, mamma, I think I'd rather give the money to those poor people. When papa read that verse this morning, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' I thought I'd never find it so, yet now I believe it would be a great deal nicer to see how happy it would make them."

"Wait till to-morrow, love, and think it all over, and if you still want to give it to these poor children you shall decide what to get them."

Early the next morning Bessy ran into her mother's room, saying, "Mamma, I've such a nice plan for Mrs. Davis and all, if you will only consent. You know that our old gardener is gone, the cottage at the gate is empty, all but John's room. Why couldn't we bring them there to live? Then Mrs. Davis could take care of John's meals, and Susy could go home every night."

"I declare, that is not a bad plan, Bessy. I'll talk with your papa about it, but don't tell Susy till we decide."

The next day Bessy's parents gave their consent, and Mrs. Barton had the rooms put in thorough order. It was not a very difficult thing to do, for the old gardener had not been long gone; and Bessy enjoyed herself much in setting things right.

Early New Year's morning Bessy went with her mother to tell them of the happy change in their prospects. Mrs. Davis wept for joy, and her husband, when told that the plan was all Bessy's, put his hand on her head, saying, "God bless you, my child; you have no doubt saved my life by your kindness, for I feel sure I shall get well and strong there."

Before night they were moved into their new abode, where a good fire was burning, and where, over the mantel, in letters of evergreen, were the words "Happy New Year. Welcome Home." Bessy and Susy were waiting to receive them, and Bessy instantly drew Mrs. Davis to the cupboard, where was a generous supply of things for them to begin housekeeping with.

"These I bought with my money, instead of toys," said Bessy triumphantly; "and I never had a happier New Year's Day."

She had proved the truth of the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."—*Selected.*

THE BOY WHO HADN'T HALF A CHANCE.

"Ralph, the fifteen-minute bell is ringing."

"Not going to school to-day." His mother said nothing more. How could she send a boy to school who had had but half a breakfast, and who was out at elbows, and knees, and toes. But the father, who, more sober than usual, lounged around the door, roused himself at the boy's words.

"Not going to school, eh? How long since you came to be your own master? If that's the way you appreciate your privileges, it's high time you lost them. Might as well stop school anyway; you don't learn anything."

"Reckon I could if I had half a chance," said the boy, looking disconsolately at his rag.

"I haven't another patch left to mend your clothes with," said his mother sadly. "Oh, it isn't your fault; no one blames you, mother," said Ralph quickly.

"I suppose that means that I am to blame for everything that oughtn't to be. A boy of thirteen ought to be able to earn himself a suit of clothes, to say nothing of his bread and butter."

"Lots of good it would do me to earn anything," muttered Ralph, sullenly. Usually he would not have dared to say so much in his father's presence, but this morning he hardly cared what he did or what might follow. Usually, too, he would have paid dearly for such a speech; but now Mr. Allen only said:

"You're an impudent young rascal; but seeing I haven't done as well by you as I might, I'll make a bargain with you. Every cent you can earn you may have, but not a bite to eat nor a rag to wear, besides. Do you understand? Now be off, and see what you're worth."

"All right," answered Ralph, picking up his ragged hat.

"You won't go out of town," said his mother anxiously, as he passed out.

"No, not without letting you know," he answered from outside the gate. From simple force of habit, and without any definite purpose, he took the road leading to the schoolhouse, and found himself at the door just as the noisy troop were entering. "Might as well go in, too," he said to himself, and he did. But his books remained unopened, and when his class was called he sat still in his seat. His teacher was sure from his look that he was sick or in trouble, and knowing something of his home life, thought best to pay no attention at the time. At recess, however, she went and sat down beside him.

"No lessons to-day, Ralph?" she asked pleasantly.

"Not coming to school any more."

"Why, how is that?"

"Got to earn my own living."

"Oh, work, is it; well, that is not a bad excuse for leaving school. What are you going to do?"

"That's what I've got to find out. Don't know yet."

"Then the first thing is, What can you do?"

"Not much of anything; never had half a chance to learn," and he looked enviously at Louie Hatten, who was passing through the room—a boy of his own age, well dressed and well fed, well furnished with all a schoolboy could ask. Miss Lee followed the direction of his glance.

"Why, Ralph," she said, "I think you have a better chance than Louie for making a man of yourself."

"Don't see how that can be."

"Can you swim?" Ralph looked up very much astonished. He was an expert swimmer, but he did not see how that would help him in trying to make something of himself.

"I can that," he answered emphatically.

"Did you learn by having some one hold on to you all the time, keeping you out of deep water?"

"Guess a fellow wouldn't learn much that way. Had to go it myself."

"Then why isn't it better to 'go it yourself' in other things? Haven't you a better chance than a boy who has everything done for him, who is always, as far as possible, kept out of danger—never allowed to make effort enough in any direction to tire him?"

"Never thought of that before," said Ralph. And while he thought of it, his teacher thought of something else.

"Will you carry a note to Mr. Scott for me?" she asked.

"Yes'm," answered Ralph promptly. He had carried notes before, and had a pleasant remembrance of bright nickels and brighter dimes that found their way into his pocket on these occasions. So the note was written and carried, and while Mr. Scott read it, Ralph looked earnestly out of the window at a huge pile of coal on the sidewalk.

"Young man," said the trustee suddenly, making Ralph start, "do you know the contents of this note?"

"No sir," said Ralph truthfully.

"Your teacher tells me you are in want of work, and recommends you for the vacant place of janitor in the Holly street building. Do you think you could manage to keep those rooms swept and dusted, to have them warm by school-time, and see that everything is in order at night?"

"I'd like to try it," said Ralph.

"And be responsible for everything that's broken or stolen?" The boy's face lengthened.

"S'pose there's keys?"

"Plenty of them."

"Reckon if I locked up and left everything straight and burglars broke in, 'twouldn't be any of my lookout."

"How long do you suppose you will stick to it?"

"Likely till I find better work."

"Well, sir, we will try you. Miss Lee offers to give you directions," and he hurriedly scratched off a reply. Ralph took it, and hesitating a little, asked the question of all importance to him:

"How much will I get?"

"Two dollars a week through the Fall and Winter, and one through the warm weather. Does that suit you?"

"Yes sir; much obliged. How often will I get paid?"

"We generally pay once a month, but if you need the money, we can let you have it every Saturday for awhile."

"Thank ye," said Ralph; but there were five days before Saturday, and he was hungry already.

"Want your coal put somewhere?" he asked after a moment's pause.

"Well, it is rather out of place on the sidewalk. Would you like the job?"

"Yes sir; would that."

"Very well; deliver your note, and then come back and go to work," and the boy lost no time.

As he handed the answer to Miss Lee, he told her of the waiting coal pile.

"That's a good beginning," she said smiling, "and this will do for starting capital," and she laid in his hand, not a nickel, not a dime, but a shining half dollar. "And this," she continued, covering the coin with a dainty card, "is a motto to help you along."

On the card Ralph read "God helps the man who helps himself." The boy looked, rather than spoke, his thanks, but he did say "If I'm ever of any account, Miss Lee, it will all be owing to you."

A loaf of brown bread and a slice of cheese took ten cents from the precious half dollar, but it gave the boy strength to handle a shovel well, and when he went to the school-house to learn his new round of duty, another half dollar jingled with the four dimes in his pocket. How rich he felt as he went down the street to lay out a part of his wealth in something for the table at home. A peck of cornmeal, a good-sized soup bone, another loaf of bread, larger this time, and a pint of milk in a five-cent bucket. "Mush and milk for supper, bread and soup for dinner to-morrow. Hurrah! Believe I have a chance after all."

That was the beginning. Ralph is a man now, prosperous and respected. His mother, hopeful and happy, looks after the pleasant home of her son's providing; his father, quiet and sober, makes the little garden spot bring forth its best for the always well-filled table; and over the mantel in Ralph's own room, hangs in a tasteful frame the motto that has directed and encouraged his efforts since the morning when he discovered wherein lay his chance for making a man of himself.—*Baptist Family Magazine.*

RUSSIAN BABIES.

A correspondent of the New York World, speaking of Russian babies, describes as follows what one sees in the house of a Russian peasant:

He looks curiously at one odd little bundle laid upon a shelf, another hung upon the wall on a peg, a third slung over one of the main beams of the roof, and rocked by the mother, who had the cord looped over her foot.

"Why, that is a child!" cries the traveler, with a feeling similar to that experienced on treading upon a toad which was supposed to be a stone.

"Why, what else should it be?" answers the mother.

Having learned so much in so short a time, the inquisitive traveler wishes to inform himself about the habits of the creature in the bundle; but his curiosity being somewhat dampened by the extreme dirt of the little figure he inquires of the parent when it was washed.

"Washed?" shrieks the horrified mother, "washed! what, wash a child? You'd kill it!"

THE NEW YEAR.

I am the little New Year, ho, ho!
Here I come tripping it over the snow,
Shaking my bells with a merry din—
So open your doors and let me in!

Blessings I bring for each and all,
Big folk and little folk, short and tall;
Each one from me a treasure may win;
So open your doors and let me in.

Some shall have silver and some shall have gold,
Some shall have new clothes and some shall have old;
Some shall have brass and some shall have tin,
So open your doors and let me in.
Some shall have water and some shall have milk,
Some shall have satin and some shall have silk;
But each one from me a blessing may win;
So open your doors and let me in!

Youth's Companion.

NEWTON'S CHILDHOOD.

Sir Isaac Newton is the greatest of modern philosophers and mechanics. When he was born, December 25th, 1642, three months after his father's death, he was so small and feeble that no one supposed he would live a day; but the weak infant grew to be a healthy, robust man, who lived until he was eighty-four years old. He began to invent or contrive machines, and to show his taste for mechanics in early childhood. He inherited some property from his father, and his mother, who had married a second time, sent him to the best schools, and to the University of Cambridge. At school he soon showed his natural taste: he amused himself with little saws, hatchets, hammers, and different tools, and when his companions were at play he spent his time in making machines and toys. He made a wooden clock when he was twelve years old, and the model of a windmill, and in his mill he put a mouse, which he called his miller, and which turned the wheels by running around its cage. He made a water clock, four feet high, and a cart with four wheels, not unlike a velocipede, in which he could drive himself by turning a windlass.

His love of mechanics often interrupted his studies at school, and he was sometimes making clocks and carriages when he ought to have been consulting Latin and Greek. But his mind was so active that he easily

caught up again with his fellow scholars, and was always fond of every kind of knowledge. He taught the schoolboys how to make paper kites; he made paper lanterns by which to go to school in the dark Winter mornings; and sometimes at night he would alarm the whole country round by raising his kites in the air with a paper lantern attached to the tail; they would shine like meteors in the distance, and the country people, at that time very ignorant, would fancy them omens of evil, and celestial lights.

He was never idle for a moment. He learned to draw and sketch; he made little tables and sideboards for the children to play with; he watched the motion of the sun by means of pegs he had fixed in the wall of the house where he lived, and marked every hour.

CHEERFULNESS.

The duty of being cheerful is one which is at all times binding upon us. We have no right to be morose or sullen, or accustomed ourselves to look on the dark side of things. No sense of the solemnity and importance of life can excuse us for giving way to a sour and unhappy temper. Though sadness must at times fall across our path, and our hearts and souls be often impressed with the weight and seriousness of imposed duty, of surrounding circumstances, yet sadness and seriousness ought by no means to be considered synonymous with gloom and despondency. From the exercise of trustfulness and cheerfulness, in a high and true sense, we are never absolved, whatever discouragement or temptations beset us.—*Good Work.*

Pleasantries.

A medical writer says children need more wraps than adults. An exchange responds, "They generally get more."

A Vermont debating society announces the following question: "Which is the most fun, to see a man try to thread a needle, or a woman try to drive a nail?"

In a recent sermon, a Washington clergyman described the United States as a country bounded on the north by an iceberg and on the south by a banana.

A father complained bitterly of the way his children destroyed their clothing. He said: "When I was a boy, I had only one suit of clothes, and I had to take care of it. I was only allowed one pair of shoes a year in those days." There was a pause, and then the oldest boy spoke up and said: "I say, Dad, you have a much easier time of it now you are living with us."

Chicago's fair daughters have taken the esthetic nonsense deeply to heart. One recently inquired for furniture covering—"Something with a distinct individuality—but—rather subdued and—pensive—with a—dash of pathos and faint suggestion of infinite tenderness."

At a circus, while the rope-walker was going through his performance, a boy about twelve years old turned to an acquaintance of the same age, and remarked: "Tom, don't you wish you could do that?"

"Yes, I do," sadly replied Tom, "but my folks make me go to school, and are determined that I shan't never be nobody!"

"John," said the cashier's wife, dropping into the bank in the midst of a shopping trip, "you forgot to leave me that money this morning." "What name?" asked the cashier, without looking up. "Name! name!" exclaimed the lady. "I am your wife." "No doubt, no doubt," answered the cashier, mechanically, and going on with his writing; "but you will have to bring some one to identify you."

A Philadelphia Frenchman says: "Ze book agent; he say to ze merchant, 'You my books buy?' Ze merchant he say to ze book agent, 'Clear out,' and ze agent go off vera mad. 'Clear out,' mean 'Take yourself off; I not like you.' Ze domestique he say to ze mistress, 'Vat I do next?' Ze mistress she say, 'Clear out,' and ze domestique get a broom and sweeps. 'Clear out' mean not 'Take yourself off,' but 'Sweep ze room.' Ze conductaire he say to ze passengaire, 'How far you go?' Ze passengaire say, 'Clear out,' and ze conductaire he not get mad; he not sweep; he smile and do nossing. 'Clear out' mean not 'Take yourself off,' not 'Sweep ze room,' but 'To ze end of ze car track.' What language you call zat?"

Religious Intelligence.

At Home.

The Salvation Army at Paterson, N. J., have taken a lease of the Germania Assembly Hall for five years.

An association known as the Sunday Breakfast Association for the Poor has been organized at Philadelphia, Pa. The first meeting was held in the Stockton Church, and much good will be accomplished by the Association, without doubt.

The Hartford *Courant* says that, with the consent of the Andover Board of Visitors, the Rev. George Harris, one of the newly elected Professors of the Theological Seminary, will qualify his subscription to the iron-clad creed of the seminary by a written statement that he accepts it as containing "substantially," the truths set forth in the Bible.

A new sect known as the Catholic Apostolic Church has come to light in Chicago. The Rev. E. Bailey Smith is the leader. He believes the prophets and apostles to be restored to-day and that the signs of the times indicate the near approach of the true religion. Mr. Smith expects to encounter much that is discouraging, as Christendom is opposed to his views.

There is a service every Sunday afternoon in New York, in the Armenian language, for the benefit of from twenty to forty Armenians who are in business there. The meetings are held in the parlors of the De Witt Memorial Chapel. A service in the Magyar tongue, for the Hungarians, is held in the Church of the Strangers (Dr. Deems' Church.)

The Russian Chapel which has been supported by the Russian Government at New York for thirteen years is to be closed. The pastor, the Rev. Nicholas Bjerring, states that this action of the Government is for economical reasons; that the ecclesiastical government needs all the money it can obtain to use in Russia. The chapels at Stockholm (Sweden) and Weimar (Germany) are closed, and the chapel at Stuttgart is to be closed before long. Mr. Bjerring will remain in this country, of which he has been a citizen ten years.

The Methodist Episcopal ministers of Trenton, N. J., have invited the members of the Salvation Army in that city to come before their association and explain their beliefs and aims. The association also passed the following resolution: That "we profoundly deplore the lack of efficient police control of the unruly element of the congregations gathering nightly at the meetings of the Salvation Army, and that we respectfully call upon the proper authorities of this city to see that adequate protection be offered the Army at its meetings and in the prosecution generally of its worthy evangelistic work."

Abroad.

The Burmans are beginning to show increased interest in Christianity.

Paris is to be mapped out in districts by Mr. Moody for evangelical work, each district to have a mission of two weeks.

A Church Salvation Army has been formed among the undergraduates at Oxford. It meets every night, and has for its badge a small silver sword.

Mr. Walter C. Jones, who, nine years ago, gave the English Church Missionary Society \$360,000 for work in China and Japan, has recently made a thank-offering of \$400,000 for the recovery of his son from sickness. Four years ago he gave \$175,000 to found the India Native Church Missionary Fund.

A church at Chester-le-street, in the north of England, was founded by the monks of Lindisfarne in 883; the present church, the third erected on the site, was built in 1260. It is proposed next year to commemorate the thousandth anniversary of the founding of the parish by a restoration of the present edifice.

A letter from Montreal says: "The Roman Catholic Bishop has issued a mandate that parishioners of the three canonical parishes in Montreal shall immediately proceed to pay off the debt of \$300,000 due on the Fabrique of Notre Dame. Married men are to subscribe \$2 and those unmarried \$1 per annum until the amount is discharged."

The *Indian Christian Herald* says that the forthcoming missionary statistics for India will show a much larger ratio of increase in the number of native Christians during the past decade than for any corresponding period in the past. The *Bengal Methodist* reports a body of 500 natives who have applied for baptism at a Wesleyan station in the Madras Presidency.

It is announced in the cable despatches from England that the Right Rev. Edwd. White Benson, D. D., Bishop of Truro, has been offered and accepted the succession to the late Dr. Tait as Archbishop of Canterbury. The prospective Primate of All England is now in his fifty-fourth year, having been born near Birmingham on July 14, 1829.

In Church politics Dr. Benson is known as a moderate High-Churchman, being thus in sympathy with one of the largest and most influential classes in the Anglican communion.

Holiday Goods AT Wanamaker's

One quarter in the store is peculiarly a Holiday quarter, a gift quarter; a place where just a little use is made the vehicle for a great deal of luxury. It is full now; full of wonders; full of pretty things; full of silly things; full of surprises; full of what nobody expects; full of what everybody expects; full, as it has been full near Christmas time before.

Beginning at the very centre of the store, next north are two counters, one of them very large, and one half as large, filled to overflowing with perfumeries and other toilet articles and implements. We positively must not begin to mention names, nor even classes. The only way to get away from these miraculous things is to break away.

Next northwest is a collection of small things that people used to luxury will recognize under the name small leather articles. About the biggest thing there is a portfolio or writing-case. Pocket-books are the commonest. But such pocket-books! Oh, yes, you can get good substantial pocket-books there, with not a cent of extravagance in them; but naturally we are thinking of the brighter ones. Leather isn't fine enough. They must enamel it, paint it, deck it out with silk and shining silver and gold. Every year people get worse and worse. Every year they must have stranger and stranger things. Silk, plush, velvet and fur bags are there, with all their pretty and handy and cunning fastenings. But we must hurry on.

Next northwest are writing-papers. Here's room for a treatise. We're not going to stop. But anybody who passes that white-looking island of trade in the sea of people, without finding out what *Wanamaker Best* means, in or out of Holiday time, is a loser. What a glory has a page of pure paper!

Photograph albums are next on northwest; and here the circle widens. Is all that long row photograph albums? Is it possible that so many people didn't buy albums last year, when we brought over a ship-load almost? There's a new set of people this year, may be. At least the photographers haven't gone out of business. At this end are velvet frames; yonder are boxes of leather and plush. You can pay \$60 for a box that a touch will spoil. Don't suppose that the things put out to show, even under glass, are the fine ones. Whisper to the saleswoman that your pocket is full of money, and that you are aching to get rid of it.

Brass and bronze! Oh, see the mob of brasses and bronzes. Open your dictionary. The first word you come to has its image there. Preposterous things! Have your wits about you. An artist has studied out every one. The artist is a wag too; for jokes abound; little touches of humor and broad farces. So there is pathos; and beauty everywhere. But shall we presume to discourse on ten-thousand things in a shop, each one of which was born of Art?

North from centre, all the way to the outer circle.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

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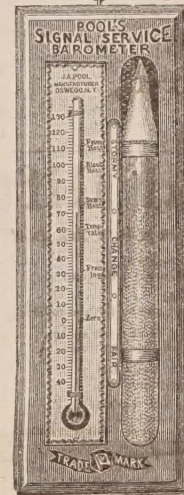
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PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Wholesale Prices.

MONDAY, December 25.

CORRUM dragged heavily at unchanged prices. We quote at 10½¢ for middling uplands, 10¼¢ for low middling and 9½¢ for good ordinary. Receipts for the day—Gross, 1169 bales; net, 834 bales, and for the week—Gross, 5485 bales, and net, 4077 bales.

Flour.—Sales reported comprised 250 barrels Pennsylvania family at \$4.50@4.75; 500 barrels low and medium Ohio do. at \$4.80@4.90; 375 barrels good and choice do. do. at \$5.25@5.40; 125 barrels fancy straight Ohio at \$6; 250 barrels fair patent do. at \$6; 250 barrels choice do. do. at \$6.50@6.75; 125 barrels Southern Illinois family at \$5.25; 125 barrels clear Minnesota at \$5.25; 250 barrels straight do. at \$5.50@5.62; and 625 barrels patent do. at \$6.50@7.12. Buckwheat Flour was dull at \$3.20@3.50 for 100 lbs for poor to strictly choice. Rye Flour was dull at \$3.75@4 barrel as to quality.

WHEAT.—Sales of No. 2 red in ear lots in elevator at \$1.08; 50,000 bushels do. at \$1.08 in elevator, taken by shippers, with \$1.08½ bid and \$1.08¼ asked at the close for December; 10,000 bushels January at \$1.08½, closing at \$1.08½ bid and \$1.08¼ asked; \$1.09½ bid and \$1.10¼ asked early for February, but closing at \$1.10¼ bid and \$1.10¼ asked; \$1.12 asked early for March, but closing at \$1.12½ bid \$1.12½ asked.

CORN.—Sales of 2500 bushels old steamer in grain depot, storage out to-day, at 63½¢; 600 bushels old sail mixed in grain depot at 70¢, and 7000 bushels new, in lots, including rejected mixed and yellow at 54¢@54½¢; No. 3 at 55¢@59½¢; steamer, on dock and aboard, at 60¢@61¢; do. track at 62¢, sail yellow at 67¢@68¢, and do. mixed at 67¢@67½¢, as to location, with 67½¢ bid and 68¢ asked early for December, but closing at 67½¢@68½¢ bid and asked; 5000 bushels January at 62½¢.

OATS.—Sales of 6400 bushels in lots on a basis of 44¢@44½¢ for rejected mixed; 47¢ for rejected white; 47½¢@47¾¢ for No. 3 white; and 49¢ for No. 2 do., with No. 2 mixed quoted nominally at 46¢, and No. 1 do. white at rejected.

RYE was dull and nominal on 'Change at 67¢ for prime Pennsylvania. Distillers report small purchases from wagons at 64¢@65¢.

SUGARS.—Quotations were 6 15-16¢@7 1-16¢ for fair to good refining muscovades. Sales of 320 hogsheads and 540 bags Demerara at 72¢ for 95 test. Refined were quiet and unchanged at 8½¢ for granulated; 8½¢ for crystal A; 8½¢ for confectioners' A, and 8½¢ for standard A.

PROVISIONS.—We quote Mess Pork at \$19; dry salt shoulders, 7½¢@8¢; do. smoked 9½¢@9¾¢; pickled shoulders, 8½¢@8¾¢; do. smoked, 10¢; pickled bellies, 11½¢; do. smoked, 12¢@12½¢. Loose butchers' Lard, 10½¢@10¾¢; prime steam do., \$10 7½¢@11; city kettle do., 11½¢@11¾¢. Dried Beef, 12¢@14¢; Beef Hams, \$18@19; Sweet pickled Hams, fresh packed, 10¢@11¢; do. fully cured 11½¢@12¢; smoked do., 13¢@14¢. Extra India Mess Beef, \$27; City family do., \$16.50; Lard Stearine, 12½¢@12¾¢; Oleo. do., 9½¢; City Tallow in hogsheads firm at 7½¢@13-15¢.

BUTTER.—We quote Pennsylvania creamery fancy at 42¢; Western do. do., 41¢@42¢; do. firsts, 33¢@36¢; Bradford county fresh tubs at 34¢@36¢; do. firsts, 30¢@32¢; New York State extras, 30¢@32¢; Western dairy extras nominally 30¢; few, if any, here. Rolls, choice, 27¢@28½¢; do. fair to good, 22¢@26¢; medium and common shipping grades, 15¢@15½¢. Prints, fancy, 42¢@43¢; do. firsts, 35¢@40¢; do. seconds, 30¢@35¢.

CHEESE.—We quote New York full cream choice at 13½¢@14¢; Ohio flat fine, 13½¢@13¾¢; Pennsylvania part skims, 7½¢@8½¢; do. skims, choice, 6½¢@6¾¢; do. rejected, 2¢@4¢.

EGGS.—On the open market Western sold at 30¢@31¢, as to quality. Held lots were plentiful and dull at 24¢@26¢, as to condition. Lined were dull and lower, with sellers of good brands and few buyers at 23¢@24¢.

DRESSED POULTRY.—We quote dressed Chickens at 12¢@14¢; do. Ducks at 14¢@16¢; do. Geese at 12¢@14¢, as to quality, and Turkeys, choice dry-picked, at 18¢@19¢; good do., 16¢@17¢, and scalded, 14¢@16¢, as to quality.

PETROLEUM was quiet for export, but refiners' views were a shade higher, the market closing at 7¢@7½¢, as to test, for refined in barrels, and 9½¢@10¢ for cases according to brand.

HAY AND STRAW.—We quote choice Timothy Hay at \$16; No. 1 do. at \$15, and No. 2 do. at \$14. Rye Straw, \$12.50@13.50 with and without weed.

SEEDS.—Clover was quiet but firm at 9½¢@10½¢. Flax for good to choice new, Timothy was dull at \$1.70@1.90 per bushel, as to quality. Flax was nominal at \$1.25@1.28 per bushel.

Live Stock Prices.

The receipts for the week were: Beesves, 3300; sheep, 10,000; hogs, 4500. Previous week: Beesves, 3000; sheep, 11,000; hogs, 5500.

BEEF CATTLE were in fair demand, and with moderate receipts prices advanced fully 1¢ per lb. The quality of the stock was the best ever seen in our market at this season of the year. Quotations: Extra, 6½¢@7¢; good, 6¢@6½¢; medium, 5¢@5½¢; common, 4¢@4½¢.

MILK COWS were in full supply, but too high for local purposes, \$35@80 being asked.

SHEEP.—The market during the past week was brisk, and with light arrivals and a good demand prices were from 1 to 1¢ higher, especially in the common grades. No extra weights arrived, but if here would have commanded 5¢@6¢. Western county stock is run out. Calves were in demand for light stock. Quotations: Good, 5½¢@5¾¢; medium, 4½¢@5¢; common, 3½¢@4¢; fat ewes, 4½¢@5½¢; thin do., 4¢@4½¢; lambs, 4½¢@5½¢; veal calves, 7¢@10¢.

HOGS were in full supply at a decline of 1¢. Quotations: Extra, 9½¢@9¾¢; good, 8½¢@9¢; medium, 8¢@8½¢; common, 7¢@8¢.

CURT DRESSED BEEVES were fairly active and closed at 7½¢@9¢, the former rate for common stock. Western dressed were in fair demand, and closed at 7½¢@9¢. Sales last week: Thomas Bradley, 240 head Western dressed, 7½¢@9¢; John Taylor, 54 head do., 8½¢@9¢; Thomas Bradley, 42 head city dressed, 8½¢@9¢; Roger Maynes & Co., 142 head city, 7½¢@9¢; A. A. Boswell, 106 head do., 7½¢@9¢; C. S. Dengler, 103 head do., 7½¢@9¢; Harlan & Bro., 74 head do., 8½¢@9¢; H. G. Beckman, 65 head do., 7¢@9¢; J. F. Lowden, 62 head do., 7½¢@8½¢. Dressed Sheep were inactive. Samuel Stewart sold 800 head at 6¢@8½¢, and 90 head dressed lambs at 8¢@10¢.

DRESSED HOGS were inactive. John Taylor sold 120 head Jersey dressed at 8½¢@9¢.

A Knabe in the White House.

(From the Baltimore American.)

There was seen yesterday at Messrs. Knabe & Co.'s factory a magnificent concert grand, just finished by them for the presidential mansion. President Arthur, who is a thorough connoisseur of music, in selecting a piano for the White House, decided in favor of the Knabe Piano as his preference, and ordered accordingly the instrument referred to. It is a concert grand of beautiful finish in a richly carved rosewood case, and of superb tone and action—an instrument worthy in every respect the place it is to occupy. It was shipped to its destination yesterday.

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